



JULY 1963

Together
FOR METHODIST FAMILIES



Bishop Hagen

Methodist Church in

RUSSIA

WITH 1,000 MEMBERS, and growing again, The Methodist Church survives in Estonia, one of the Baltic countries which since 1940 have been within the borders of the Soviet Union.

This good news is virtually the first Methodist news of any kind to come out of Estonia since World War II. It comes after the church was "legalized" by the Russian government in April, 1961, and Estonian Methodists held their first annual conference in more than 20 years.

Bishop Odd Hagen of Stockholm, first Methodist bishop permitted to visit there in 22 years, reports "the situation is easier than it was under Stalin—but difficulties are many."

This remnant of Methodism stayed alive in Estonia, though work almost ceased in neighboring Latvia and Lithuania. It survived despite indescribable hardships and suffering brought on by a war-torn economy and tides of military conquest and occupation. Bishop Hagen discovered that people in Estonia had insufficient Bibles and hymnals. "But," he recalls, "they surely did sing!"

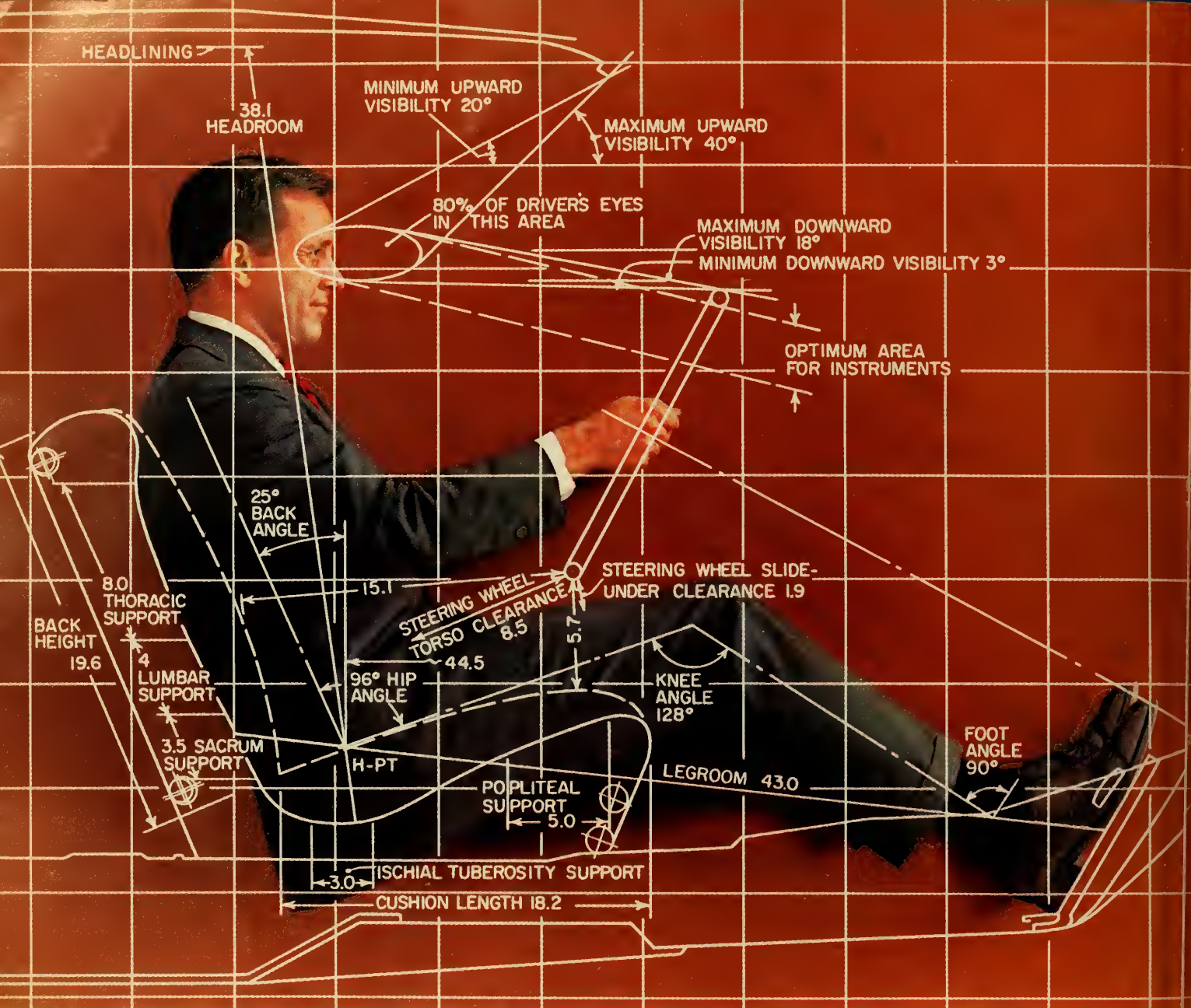
"We shouldn't criticize them," the bishop says, "because they live in a situation which we cannot understand."

The church at right is in Tallinn, a major city of some 250,000 in this recently industrialized land of meadows, forests, and collectivized farms. But the picture is more than that of a church on a busy street in a strange city few of us ever will visit. It becomes the triumphant symbol of the will of others to live and to worship God in the face of odds incomprehensible to most of us who live in the free world.

Hymnals are scarce—but they love to sing!







Chrysler Corporation engineers use "Anthropometrical" figures like this in designing cars to "fit" man's needs for comfort and safety.

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Man is the engineer on whose skill and imagination great dreams depend.

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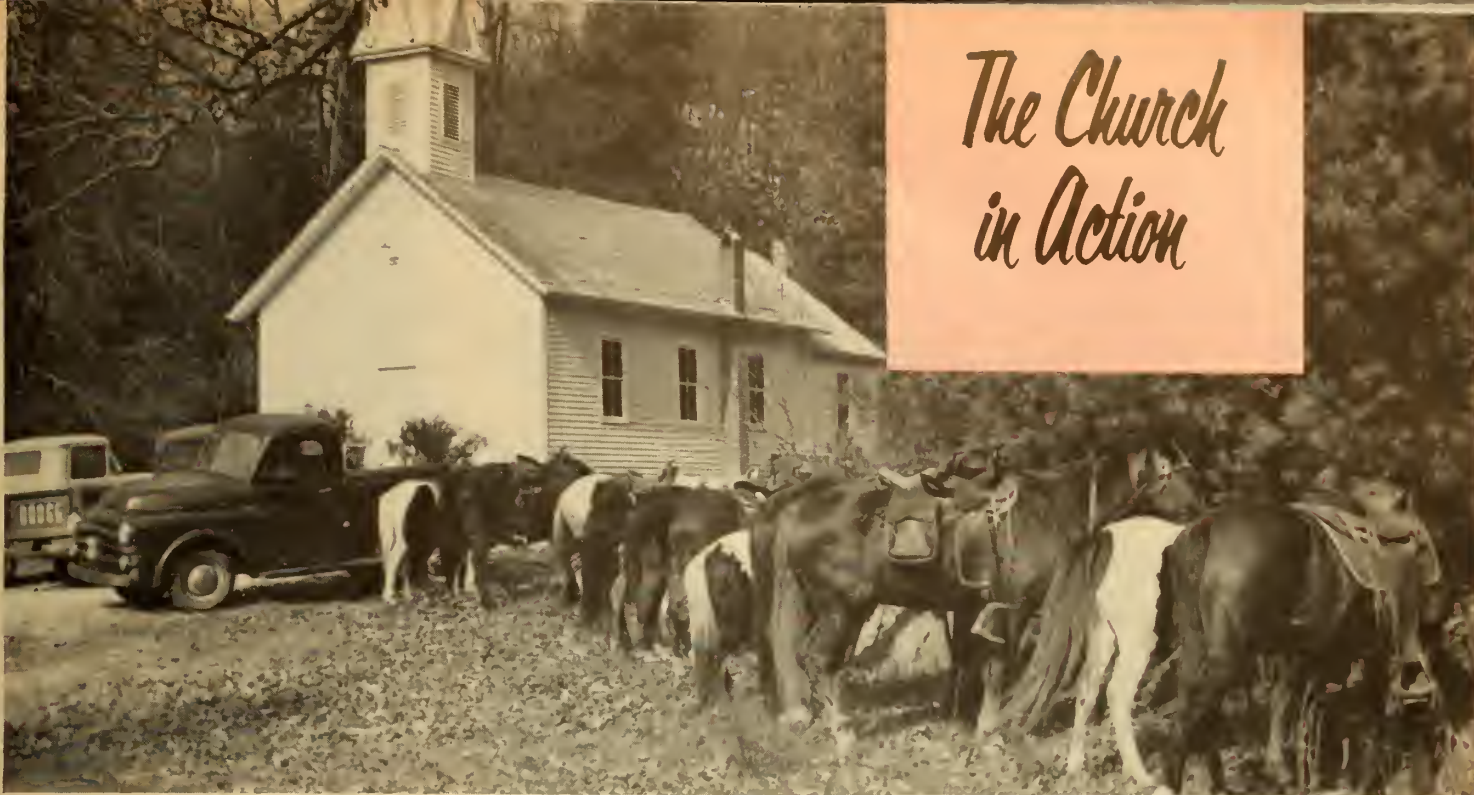
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The Church in Action



New life: Closed for 5 years, 115-year-old Antioch (N.C.) Methodist Church was revived in 1956 by a lay preacher.

WANTED: A More Vital Small Church

The News: More than 1,000 laymen and ministers this month will discuss a matter of crucial importance to Methodism: how to strengthen small town and rural churches.

Called by the Council of Bishops, the Fifth Quadrennial Methodist Conference on the Church in Town and Country will gather in Minneapolis, Minn., July 9-12. The conferees will wrestle with such problems as the declining farm population, the scarcity of seminary-trained ministers in small churches, and to what extent group ministries, interdenominational co-operation, and even church mergers should be recommended to strengthen Methodism in town and country areas.

The need for new directions was pointed out clearly in a study by the Methodist Board of Missions' Division of National Missions, which revealed that between 1958 and 1961 rural Methodist churches accounted for more than 80 percent of the 481 church abandonments and 60 mergers.

Background: Nearly three-fourths of today's 10.1 million Methodists worship in small churches, continuing a historic pattern. The Methodism of John Wesley spread like fire in the United States as the frontiers were pushed westward. The circuit rider followed close on the heels of the explorer and pioneer settlers and, as a result, Methodists in rural areas soon outnumbered those in the cities.

Until the early 1900s, the church paralleled the national pattern of growth, which centered in the rural areas. By 1920, earlier in some places, the westward tide had begun to ebb, and cities mushroomed as industrialization set the pattern of urbanization.

The great strength of Methodism, however, re-

mained in the small churches—many with loyal but dwindling congregations. At the same time, the city churches grew as the one-time country-church members moved to the city to seek their livelihood.

Despite the changes of the last 40 years, much of Methodism's numerical strength still lies in the small church, typically located in small town or rural areas (communities of less than 2,500 population, or whose economy is primarily agricultural). There are, of course, many small churches in urban areas.

Today, church officials estimate that approximately 72 percent of the 10.1 million Methodists worship in churches of less than 1,000 members. One town and country expert estimates the figure to be as high as 84 percent. Average membership among the denomination's 39,044 churches is only 252.

A recent study of the 1,893 churches in the Ohio Area revealed that 76.9 percent—1,456—were rural churches, and that they had 39.9 percent of the area's 598,577 members. Another study of 155 Methodist churches in South Carolina showed that the quality of farmland had a definite effect on the small church. Seventy-three churches in good land regions had an average of 35 worship services a year, whereas 82 in poor land regions had an average of only 28 services a year.

Conference Goals: Bishop Glenn R. Phillips of Denver, chairman of the sponsoring Interboard Committee on Town and Country Work, hopes the conference will result in:

- Growing conviction that something can and must be done to renew the church's life and influence in communities where population is declining.
- Recognition of the place and importance of the group ministry, the larger parish plan, and the link-

ing together of weaker churches with stronger ones for more effective service.

- Broader knowledge of what is taking place in the town and country.
- Enlistment of more laymen in enthusiastic leadership in small churches.

The Minneapolis conferees will discuss the number and condition of small churches, population shifts which deplete some rural communities and enlarge others, ministerial supply and recruitment. They also will consider adequate organizational structure for churches having less than 150 members—especially those having less than 75 members.

Dr. Harold S. Huff, director of town and country work for the Board of Mission's Division of National Missions, says an important reason for the conference is "the rising number of questions about the effectiveness of these small-sized churches in Methodism. Too large a proportion of our manpower is producing too few basic results in the life of the church."

Problems: The small church is one of the 1960-64 quadrennial emphases of The Methodist Church. The 1960 General Conference Episcopal Address, decrying the change evident in moral and spiritual life of many people living close to the soil, declared the situation "calls for immediate attention and the most vigorous response that the combined strength and effort of the church in America can give it."

Among the major problems are:

- *How to get fully trained leadership for small congregations.* More and more, because of inadequate salaries and subsistence budgets, small charges are having to depend upon approved supply pastors. The number of Methodist supply pastors has increased from 3,759 in 1944 to 7,167 in 1962. They now serve about 16,000 churches, three fourths of which have small congregations.

- *How to get congregations to face the issues.* Solutions may involve larger parishes, mergers, or federated church setups. Public-school systems faced up to this long ago. Similarly, says Dr. Huff, "We church members must be realistic enough to relinquish our limited and false notions of sovereignty as Methodists, then to join hands with equally concerned Christian brethren of other denominational persuasions."

Significance: To deal realistically and adequately with town and country problems, The Methodist Church must adopt revolutionary programs and procedures.

Dr. Earl D. C. Brewer, professor of sociology at Methodist-related Candler School of Theology, Atlanta, Ga., compares the problem of the "substandard" town and country

church to the agricultural revolution.

"The major difference," he says, "seems to be that, in the agricultural revolution, the commercial or economically adequate farms today are embarrassingly successful in the production of food and fiber.

"Methodist charges in town and country need this same kind of revolution. There should be fewer charges, larger memberships, better trained ministers utilizing better equipment and methods in order to produce better results for the kingdom of God. This definitely can be achieved."

Memorial Services Held For Dr. Roy L. Smith

Praise for the inspiring work of Dr. Roy L. Smith rang throughout the huge sanctuary of First Methodist Church, Los Angeles, Calif., during a memorial service on April 28.

"He was a generous man." "... played no favorites." "... made the Bible come alive." "... most influential person in my life." "... put Christ first." "... greatest person I have ever known." "... soft as velvet and strong as steel." "... walked like his Father walked." These were some of the expressions heard.

This was the church of which Dr. Smith was pastor, 1932-40.

Bishop Gerald Kennedy of the Los Angeles Area preached the memorial sermon, and Dr. J. Richard Sneed, present minister, presided.

Other speakers who had been encouraged by Dr. Smith to enter the Methodist ministry were Dr. Frank E. Butterworth, First Church, Pasadena; Dr. Kenneth A. Carlson, First Church, Glendale; the Rev. Thomas Pendell, San Gabriel Church; and the Rev. Lloyd Lafler, West Los Angeles Church.

Bishop Kennedy said, "Generations to come will remember and refer to Dr. Smith's last book, *The Future Is Upon Us*. I thank God he had time to complete it. It goes to the center of issues before the church, and lifts up the central things of our faith. This was typical of his ministry."

Dr. Smith died in San Bernardino, Calif., April 20. He was 76. Burial was in Nickerson, Kans., his hometown.

As one of America's most challenging religious leaders, he wrote more than 40 volumes. His *Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency* appeared monthly in *TOGETHER*. Selling more than a million volumes was his *Know Your Bible Series*.

Dr. Smith was editor of the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* from 1942 to 48, when he became one of two publishing agents of The Methodist Publishing House. He retired in 1952.

Prior to his Los Angeles First Church assignment, he served pastor-



Dr. Roy L. Smith looks over old-time printing press used by Methodists.

ates in Kansas, Illinois, and Minnesota.

Survivors include his widow, Mrs. Mable Smith of San Bernardino; a son, the Rev. Frank E. Smith, associate minister of First United Presbyterian Church, San Bernardino; a daughter, Mrs. A. T. Anderson, Lincoln, Nebr.; and two grandchildren.

Name Dormitory for Bishop

A new dormitory of the Methodist Boys Multipurpose Higher Secondary School at Hyderabad, India, has been named the Bishop Ensley Hostel in honor of Methodist Bishop F. Gerald Ensley of Des Moines, Iowa.

Methodist Bishop John A. Subhan of Hyderabad, who dedicated the dormitory, said when Bishop Ensley visited the school in 1959 the new dormitory was proposed and Bishop Ensley raised \$50,000 for it.

Give Annual Goodwill Awards

Goodwill Industries of America, Inc., has presented its Annual Good-

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Number of Members	Annual Rate	Billed Quarterly @
10 to 19%	\$3.12	78¢ each
20 to 29%	\$2.76	69¢ each
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Fewer than 10% grouped and submitted through the church office: \$3.96 a year, cash with order.

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will Awards to U.S. Senator Lister Hill of Alabama; E. B. Whitten, executive director of the National Rehabilitation Association, Washington, D.C.; and television star Steve Allen, Hollywood, Calif. The awards are given for outstanding goodwill toward handicapped people.

Dr. Leonard Mayo received the Edgar J. Helms Award—named for Goodwill's founder. The award is for service in the religious field. Dr. Mayo is executive director of the Association for the Aid of Crippled Children in New York.

Bible Society Sets New High In Scriptures Distribution

Distribution of the Scriptures by the American Bible Society reached a record of 31,509,821 in 1962. Copies of Bibles, Testaments, and selections in 299 languages and dialects were distributed throughout the world.

The total exceeded the 1961 distribution by 7,326,797.

During 1962, ABS committed itself to underwrite scriptural translation, production, and distribution in 40 additional countries, making a total of 104 countries where it does regular work.

At its 147th annual meeting in New York, ABS presented a translation of the Gospel of Mark in the Rincon dialect of Zapotec to Dr. Francisco Cuevas Cancino, an envoy and alternate representative of Mexico to the United Nations.

MPH Names Vice-President

Walter L. Seaman is the new executive vice-president of The Methodist Publishing House. Prior to June 1, he had been vice-president in charge of MPH's Cokesbury Division.

Mr. Seaman succeeds Pat Beaird, who died in March.

H. Carl Compton of Nashville has been named to fill the vacancy left by Mr. Seaman. Mr. Compton previously was assistant manager of the Cokesbury Division.

Cokesbury, the retail sales division of the publishing house, has its central offices in Nashville. It has six regional mail-order service centers and 15 Cokesbury stores in major cities across the United States.

Dr. Denman Portrait Painted

Dr. Harry Denman's portrait has been painted by Warner Sallman and hung in the lobby of the Methodist Board of Evangelism building in Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. Sallman, the Chicago artist whose *Head of Christ* is said to be the most popular oil painting of Christ in the world, was commissioned by

(Continued on page 8)

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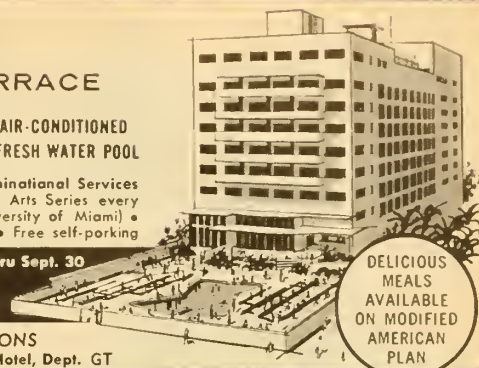
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Enrollment open from June 2 through June 27 ONLY!

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Anyone 65 or over can choose the benefits they need and join any or all 3 plans

1

If you want **BASIC HOSPITAL-SURGICAL** protection, this is the plan that starts paying from the moment expenses begin—and pays in addition to any other plan you may have

65 plus

**65 PLUS costs only
\$6.50 a month**

- Pays the actual cost of hospital room and board up to \$10.00 a day for as long as 31 days for each sickness or accident.
- Pays the actual cost of hospital extras up to \$100.00 maximum.
- Pays for surgery of every type in or out of the hospital on a schedule from \$5.00 to \$200.00. (Example: \$5.00 for removal of toenail; \$75.00 for broken thigh bone; \$200.00 for removal of prostate.)
- You are immediately protected on accidents which occur or sickness which originates after the issue date of your policy.
- You are also protected for conditions you had before your policy was issued, provided the hospital confinement begins—surgical operation is performed—after your policy has been in force for six months.

***Exclusions:** see paragraph below.

***Exclusions for 65 PLUS; 10,000 RESERVE; 5,000 MEDICAL plans**

You are covered anywhere in the world against all kinds of injuries or illness except those caused by war or mental illness; or covered by Workmen's Compensation or Occupational Disease Law, except in West Virginia; losses for which benefits are payable under a federal or state welfare program or confinement in federal government hospitals, except in California and New Jersey; confinement in Veteran's Administration hospitals; confinement in local government mental or tuberculosis hospitals; and, in Louisiana, Texas and Tennessee, treatment or service for tuberculosis. *Note: in No. Carolina only, policy must be in force six months before sickness benefits can begin.*

2

If you want **MAJOR-EXPENSE** protection, this is the plan that pays the really big bills—offers extended benefits all the way up to \$10,000 lifetime maximum

10,000 reserve

**10,000 RESERVE costs only
\$9.50 a month**

Each calendar year after your eligible expenses have reached \$500, the 10,000 RESERVE plan will pay 75% of all further eligible expenses, during the calendar year, up to \$10,000 lifetime maximum.

Pays 75% of these eligible expenses

- Up to \$25.00 eligible expense for room and board for each day of hospital confinement.
- Provides as eligible expense all necessary hospital expenses while hospital confined.
- Up to \$10.00 eligible expense a day for each day of Skilled Nursing Home confinement up to a maximum of \$1,000.00 eligible expense for each calendar year.
- Provides as eligible expense surgery of every type in or out of the hospital on a schedule from \$5.00 to \$300.00 (Example: \$5.00 for removal of a wart; \$100.00 for varicose veins; \$300.00 for removal of lung.)
- Up to \$4.00 eligible expense a day for one visit of a doctor for every day while confined in a hospital.
- Up to \$6.50 eligible expense a day for one home visit of a Visiting Nurse.
- You are immediately protected for any accident that occurs or sickness that commences after the effective date of your policy.
- You are also protected for conditions you had before your policy was issued, provided your hospital confinement begins after your policy has been in force at least six months.

***Exclusions:** see paragraph at left.

3

If you want **OUT-OF-HOSPITAL** protection, this is the plan that pays prescription drug charges—doctors' office and house calls—rental of equipment—expenses as a hospital out-patient

5,000 medical

**5,000 MEDICAL costs only
\$5.00 a month**

Each calendar year after your eligible expenses for any out-of-hospital costs have reached \$100, the 5,000 MEDICAL plan will pay 75% of all further eligible expenses, during that calendar year, up to \$5,000 lifetime maximum.

Pays 75% of these eligible expenses

- Up to \$6.50 eligible expense a day for doctor house calls and \$5.00 a day for visits to doctor's office.
- Provides as eligible expense all hospital expenses for care received as an out-patient.
- Provides as eligible expense all prescription drugs.
- Provides as eligible expenses costs of blood and blood plasma, artificial limbs, rental of wheel chair, hospital bed or iron-lung, oxygen and rental equipment, initial cost of trusses and crutches.
- Provides as eligible expenses costs of diagnostic laboratory and X-ray procedures on a schedule. (Example: \$2.00 for routine urinalysis; \$8.00 for abdominal X-rays; \$12.00 for EKG; \$24.00 for upper G-I Tract.)
- You are immediately protected for any accident that occurs or sickness that commences after the effective date of your policy. Conditions for which you have previously been treated are covered after your policy has been in force six months.

***Exclusions:** see paragraph at left.

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FOR EXTRA ENROLLMENT BLANKS SEE YOUR WEEKEND NEWSPAPER

INCLUDING THOSE WHO HAVE BASIC BLUE CROSS or any similar basic hospital coverage

Your doctor, your own insurance agent, your lawyer will tell you what fine protection this is. Talk it over with them, but do it soon. This enrollment period must end midnight, June 27th.

65 PLUS offers basic protection

If you do not have any health insurance at all, the 65 PLUS (OA series) plan offers you excellent basic hospital-surgical protection. If you now have basic Blue Cross, or any similar basic hospital coverage, *by all means keep it*. You are still eligible to join 10,000 RESERVE or 5,000 MEDICAL—or both—and add these wonderful major-expense benefits to your total protection.

10,000 RESERVE is for the big bills

10,000 RESERVE (OD series) is designed for really big expenses and to start paying benefits when bills get "too big" for you to handle, or most of the benefits of your basic plan have "run out." To do this, 10,000 RESERVE has a "deductible" feature that works very much the same as the "deductible" feature used in auto collision insurance. Each calendar year after you, or 65 PLUS, or any other basic plan you may have, has paid the first \$500 of eligible expenses, the 10,000 RESERVE plan goes into effect and pays 75% of all further eligible expenses during that calendar year up to a lifetime maximum of \$10,000. Then, after any proven continuous 6-month period without treatment, you are eligible again for another \$10,000 in benefits. As you can see, the 10,000 RESERVE plan in no way conflicts with any basic plan you

may now have. It is the perfect "companion" policy to add to any basic plan.

5,000 MEDICAL plan is for out-of-hospital expenses

The 5,000 MEDICAL (OE series) plan offers protection against out-of-hospital expenses and also features a deductible. Each calendar year after your eligible out-of-hospital expenses have reached \$100, the 5,000 MEDICAL plan takes over and pays 75% of all further eligible expenses during that calendar year up to a lifetime maximum of \$5,000. Then, after any proven continuous 6-month period without treatment, you are eligible again for another \$5,000 in benefits. This is the first plan of its kind ever offered to anyone and everyone 65 or over!

This is your Guarantee

As long as you pay your premium, your policy will never be cancelled, no changes will ever be made unless done so to all policyholders in your state. Of course, you have the right to cancel your policy at any time. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE:** After you have received your policy, or policies, and examine it, if you are not 100% satisfied, return it within ten days and your first month's premium will be refunded.

Under 65?

If you are 64 now, plan to join one or more of these plans when you reach 65. Clip the coupon now and save it. Mail it to us within 30 days before or after your 65th birthday and you will be enrolled.

Sons and daughters enroll your parents

Signature of the insured is not required

If you have an older relative in your family, many of you will want to give him or her one or more of these policies and make the premium payments yourself. It's a wise and wonderful idea. Just fill out the enrollment blank and indicate where the premium notices are to be sent.

Income Tax Note: If you declare a parent or relative as a dependent on your Federal Income Tax, your payments of premiums for this health insurance are 100% tax deductible.

★ ★ ★

For the purpose of satisfying your deductible and calculating benefits payable for 10,000 RESERVE and 5,000 MEDICAL, the first calendar year is that period commencing on the effective date of your policy and ending December 31 of the same year in which your coverage becomes effective; after the first year, each calendar year is from January 1st through December 31st. Eligible expenses incurred toward the deductible during the last 90 days of the first policy year will be counted towards the deductible of the next calendar year.

Regardless of your past
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Year

Sex

Male ☐ Female ☐

Applicant's Signature

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DR. DENMAN PORTRAIT PAINTED

(Continued from page 5)

board's executive committee to do Dr. Denman's portrait.

Since the organization of the board in 1940, Dr. Denman has been its top administrative officer.

Duke University to Enroll First Negro Undergraduates

The first Negro undergraduate students will be enrolled at Methodist-related Duke University, Durham, N.C., in September.

During the 1961-62 school year, Duke admitted three Negro graduate students, and in 1962-63 it enrolled nine the first semester and six the second.

Women to Furnish Chapel

The Woman's Division of Christian Service of The Methodist Church will furnish and complete the chapel in the Church Center for the United Nations in New York City. This new project, in honor of Mrs. J. Fount Tillman of Lewisburg, Tenn., the Woman's Division president, will cost \$100,000.

Previously the division contributed \$500,000 toward the construction of the Church Center which is being built under Methodist auspices.

The executive committee of the Methodist Board of Missions in New York, of which the division is a part, elected three new division staff executives. They are: Miss Ruth F. Van Meter of Honolulu, Hawaii, associate general secretary for education and cultivation; Mrs. Robert Owens of Cincinnati, Ohio, publication manager, with offices in Cincinnati; and Miss Erna L. Slagg of Detroit, Mich., assistant treasurer, with responsibility for handling mission funds sent to overseas fields.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

July

Continuation of Aldersgate Year activities involving youth camps stressing Christian experience and full-time church-related services, and unconventional-evangelism projects.

9-12—National Methodist Town and Country Convocation, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

12-26—Fourth World Conference on Faith and Order (World Council of Churches), Montreal, Canada.

26-31—Ecumenical Mission Conference (interdenominational), San Diego, Calif.

28-31—Seventeenth Institute of Higher Education, Nashville, Tenn.

31-Aug. 9—1963 National Seminar, Woman's Division of Christian Service, University of Puget Sound, Tacoma, Wash.



Dr. Leland D. Case (left) is shown presenting Blue Ribbon Awards to TANE editors, left to right: Bruce L. Williams, Arthur R. Farey, the Rev. Jack H. Anderson, and the Rev. Carlton J. Frazier. Robert L. Gildea is not pictured.

Five TANES Receive Awards

Five TOGETHER Area News Edition (TANES) have received TOGETHER's first Blue Ribbon TANE Awards. Citations were given for excellence in presentation of news and for promotion of the program of The Methodist Church at the area, conference, district, and local-church levels.

The TANES and their editors receiving awards were: Los Angeles—Bruce L. Williams; Syracuse—the Rev. Carlton J. Frazier; Indiana—Robert L. Gildea; San Francisco—Arthur R. Farey; and Minnesota—the Rev. Jack H. Anderson.

Presentation of the awards was made by TOGETHER's editor Leland D. Case. Judging was done by Professor Fred Whiting of the Medill School of Journalism at Methodist-related Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.; Dr. Ralph Stoodly, general secretary and director of Methodist Information; and Dr. Ewing T. Wayland, editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Methodists Help Algerians

The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief reports that in four months Methodists gave \$129,096 and 170,730 blankets to aid Algerian refugees. The contributions came in response to the Algerian Blanket Appeal when Algerian refugees were suffering and dying from the cold.

Bishop Garber Heads Council

The Methodist Council of Bishops has as its new president Bishop Paul Neff Garber of Richmond, Va. He succeeds Bishop Marshall R. Reed of Detroit, Mich.

At its semiannual session in San

Francisco, Calif., the council chose Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of New York City to be president-designate. He



Bishop Garber



Bishop Wicke

will fulfill the duties of vice-president, and will succeed Bishop Garber in April, 1964.

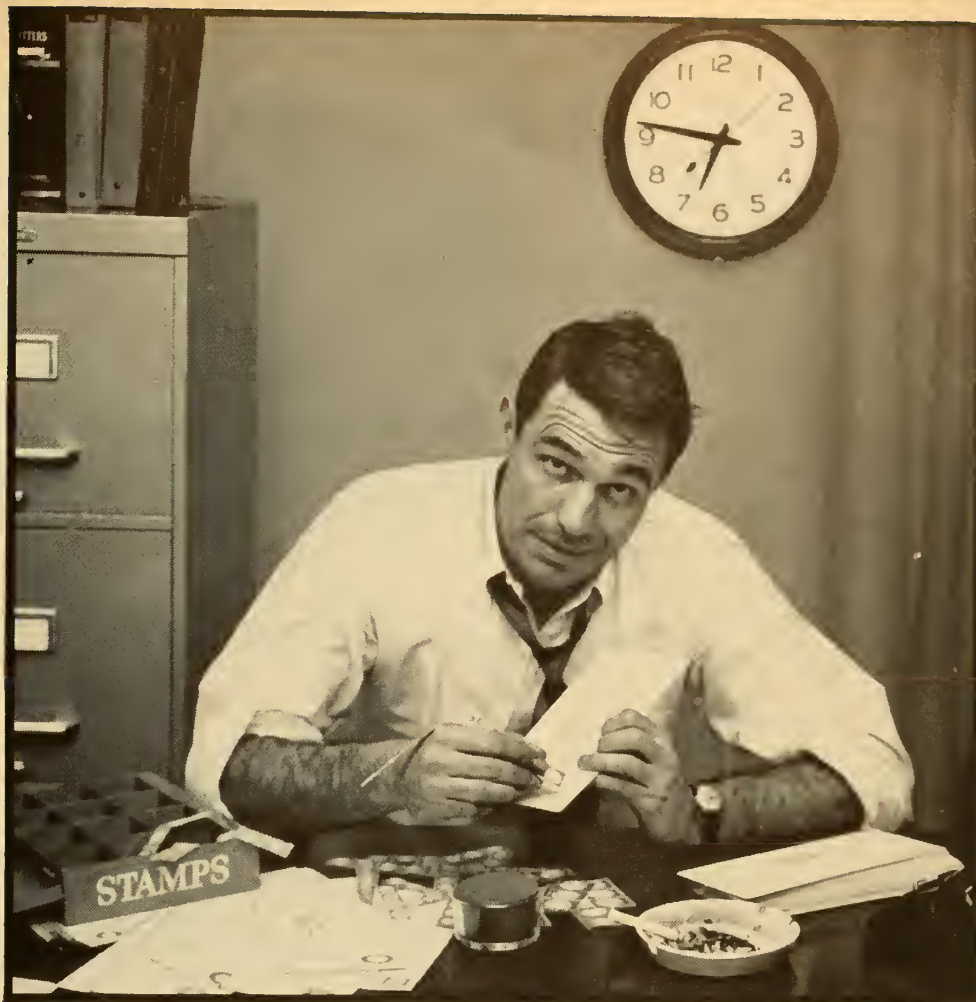
Bishop Roy H. Short of Nashville, Tenn., secretary of the council, is in office for the quadrennium.

Elected officers of the six jurisdictional Colleges of Bishops are:

- Central—Bishop Charles F. Golden of Nashville, Tenn., president; Bishop M. Lafayette Harris of Atlanta, Ga., secretary.
- North Central—Bishop Edwin E. Voigt of Springfield, Ill., president; Bishop F. Gerald Ensley of Des Moines, Iowa, vice-president.
- Northeastern—Bishop Fred G. Holloway of Charleston, W.Va., president; Bishop W. Vernon Middleton of Pittsburgh, Pa., secretary.
- South Central—Bishop Paul E. Martin of Houston, Texas, president; Bishop Kenneth W. Copeland of Lincoln, Nebr., secretary.
- Southeastern—Bishop Paul Hardin, Jr., of Columbia, S.C., president; Bishop John Owen Smith of Atlanta, Ga., secretary.
- Western—Bishop Everett W. Pal-

(Continued on page 10)

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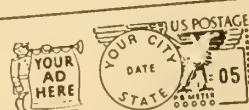
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BISHOP GARKER HEADS COUNCIL

(Continued from page 8)

mer of Seattle, Wash., president; Bishop A. Raymond Grant of Portland, Ore., secretary.

The council also launched the Bishops' Mission on the Ministry—a plan for a series of one-day convocations to be held across The Methodist Church in the autumn of 1963. The convocations are "to consider the challenge and the glory of the Christian ministry."

Seek to Establish Religious Consultative Group in World

Individual Methodists throughout the world are being asked by the Methodist Ministerial Association of Lancaster County, Pa., to write to their United Nations ambassadors, asking them to support the formation of a religious consultative group. The group would include outstanding religious leaders of UN member nations.

The association also is asking every church to have a period of prayer next Christmas for all who are under communist domination.

The proposed religious organization, the association said, would implement the work of the World Council of Churches and other agencies now operating at the UN.

Methodists Get Baker Awards

Baker Awards of \$1,000 each from the Methodist Board of Education have been given to four ministers and a ministerial student—the Rev. Loyd A. Bates, Flint, Mich.; the Rev. J. Otis Erwin, Jefferson City, Mo.; the Rev. Robert N. Peters, Mountlake Terrace, Wash.; the Rev. Maynard L. Rich, San Marcos, Texas; and T. Walter Herbert, Jr., New York City.

The awards are given annually to help train persons for professional leadership in Wesley Foundations. They are named in honor of retired



Dr. Elmer T. Clark (second from left), retiring executive secretary of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies, was honored at a banquet in Philadelphia. Others are: Bishop Ivan Lee Holt (left), retired, of St. Louis; Bishop T. Otto Nall of Minnesota Area; and Bishop Fred P. Corson (right) of Philadelphia Area.

Methodist Bishop James C. Baker, Claremont, Calif., who in 1913 organized the first Wesley Foundation at the University of Illinois.

Named to Social Concern Post

The Rev. Grover C. Bagby of Los Angeles, Calif., will succeed the Rev. A. Dudley Ward as associate general secretary of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns on August 1. Mr. Ward will become the board's general secretary.

Dr. Bagby is at present associate general secretary of the Co-ordinating Council for the Southern California-Arizona Conference.

'68 General Conference Inquiries Sent to Bishops

The Methodist Commission on Entertainment and Program of the General Conference is asking for invitations for the 1968 General Conference.

Only invitations submitted officially by resident bishops will be considered, said Frank E. Baker of Philadelphia, Pa., chairman of the commission.

A General Conference recommendation states that "the meeting place of the General Conference be rotated among the jurisdictions, provided satisfactory arrangements can be made for entertainment, with special reference to the requirement for equality of accommodations for all races, without discrimination or segregation."

Recommends \$100 Million for New Churches and Education

Dr. Harry Denman has recommended that The Methodist Church raise \$100 million for building new churches and for theological education. He said the money could be

raised the first year of the church's 1964-68 quadrennium.

As general secretary of the Methodist Board of Evangelism, Dr. Denman made the recommendation at the board's annual meeting in Fort Monroe, Va.

He suggested that the funds raised under such a plan be turned over to the Methodist Investment Fund "to be loaned at an appropriate interest rate to new church organizations to build new churches."

Such a proposal requires Methodist General Conference approval.

Co-ordinating Council Approves Construction

The Methodist Co-ordinating Council has approved construction of two new buildings. Plans call for a \$3.5 million administration building at the projected Methodist Center in Washington, D.C., and an addition to the headquarters building of the Methodist Board of Evangelism in Nashville, Tenn.

Construction now can proceed, as council approval was the last authorization needed.

Need 200 Methodist Churches In Northeastern Jurisdiction

About 200 new Methodist congregations need to be started in the next 4 years in the Northeastern Jurisdiction, according to a survey made by the Division of National Missions of the Methodist Board of Missions, with offices in Philadelphia, Pa.

The study of 87 districts in the jurisdiction revealed that the need for new congregations is greatest in the growing suburban areas.

(Continued on page 12)

CENTURY CLUB

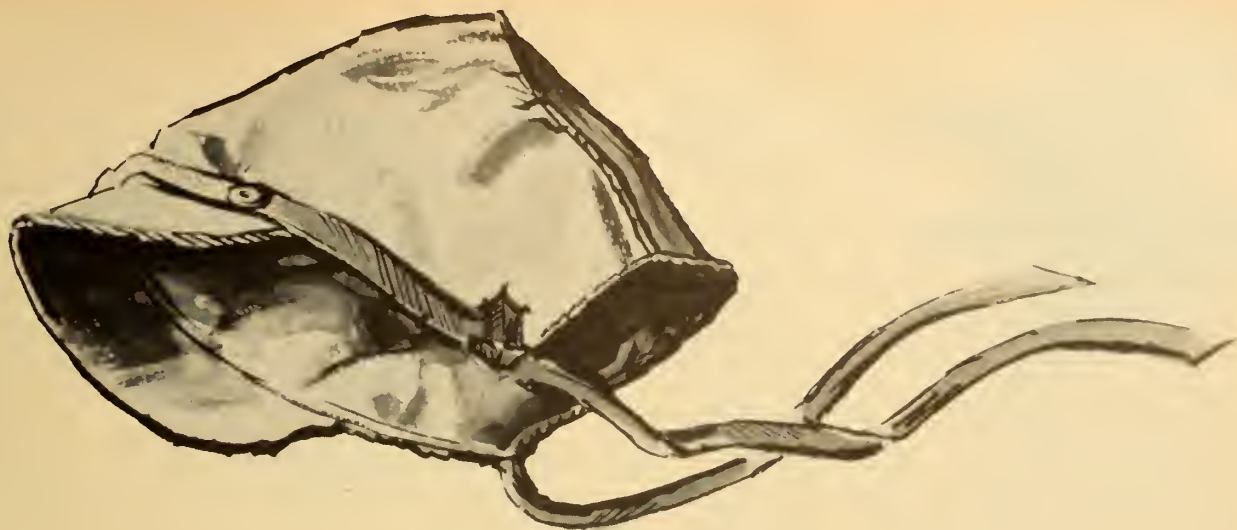
Three more Methodists who have had 100 or more birthdays join TOGETHER's Century Club this month. They are:

Mrs. Elinor Gage, 101, Boone, Iowa.

Mrs. Jennie Jordan McDade, 100, Cedar Grove, N.C.

Mrs. Edwin Bridgman, 100, Waupaca, Wisc.

In sending names of Century Club nominees, please give address, birth date, and where nominee has his or her church membership.



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But there are danger signs. Higher education is in

trouble—some colleges face shortages. The big test is just ahead when applicants at colleges will double. To maintain our world lead, we must maintain our colleges—with enough classrooms, laboratory facilities and competent teachers.

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NEED 200 METHODIST CHURCHES

(Continued from page 10)

The jurisdiction includes Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, and the District of Columbia.

The jurisdiction has 7,751 churches.

Methodists in the News

The Rev. Halleck N. Mohler, pastor of the Oakdale-Emory Methodist Church, Olney, Md., appointed minister of the American Protestant Church of Brussels, Belgium.

Ralph L. Gemberling, Methodist layman, named director of program and station relations for the National Council of Churches' Broadcasting and Film Commission.

D. J. Webb, senior at the Methodist Theological School in Ohio, Delaware, Ohio, awarded the second annual \$3,500 Ralph W. Sockman Graduate Fellowship in Communications Study by the Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission.

Mrs. Lamoin Hand of Akron, Ind., Mrs. Leslie Seely of Newark, N.J., Mrs. Lawrence Oosterhaus of Takoma Park, Md., Mrs. Robert S. Lewis of Seaford, Del., and Mrs. Jennie Holcomb of Wellington, Texas, have been named Mother of the Year in their respective states. Mrs. Nellie Butler Deane was given the honor in Washington, D.C.

Sidney R. Nichols of East Aurora,

N.Y., will become associate director of the department of special projects in the section of Methodist Men of the Methodist Board of Lay Activities on August 1.

Vance Archer of Hays, Kans., has been appointed director of personal and visitation evangelism in the department of local church evangelism of the Methodist Board of Evangelism in Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. Howard J. Clinebell, Jr., of Claremont, Calif., has been elected interim chairman of the newly formed provisional American Association of Pastoral Counselors.

John W. Rollins of Wilmington, Del., won the 1963 Horatio Alger Award given annually by the American Schools and Colleges Association.

Capt. James E. Reaves has become senior chaplain of the U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. He is a member of the Louisiana Methodist Conference.

Dr. Eugene L. Smith of New York has received the Alumni Award for Distinguished Service from New York University's Religious Education Fellowship.

Mrs. Roy DeVries of Clifton, N.J., represented New Jersey in the Mrs. America contest.


Claude F. Libis of Baltimore, Md., has been named executive director of the Board of Child Care of The Methodist Church in Maryland, Delaware, and the District of Columbia.



Twins are not unusual at Chestnut Street Church in Portland, Maine. These six pairs are enrolled in the church school of that church which a century ago erected twin spires. "The Mother Church of Maine Methodism" still likes twins.

The UP-and-INNER

By ROY L. SMITH



GENERALLY speaking, we think of the down-and-outer as a man greatly in need of the help of his fellowman. We may view him with disgust, and we may pity him with a pity that is only a few degrees removed from contempt. But on the whole, it is relatively easy to raise money for institutions helping him.

We are not always sufficiently moved to take hold of his dirty hand ourselves, but we are ready to pay someone not quite so sensitive.

What few persons know is that the up-and-inner may be equally in need of help. Because he dresses well and fares sumptuously every day, we assume he lacks nothing. A more serious mistake it would be hard to make.

One of the wealthiest men of America once said to me, "One of the most difficult things in the world to do is to give money away with intelligence. It is easy to scatter it, and it is still easier to waste it, but to be a good steward and give away money in a fashion that will prove creative and corrective is a fine art."

A rich man, in a confidential mood, told his pastor: "I am the loneliest man in the world. I am surrounded by people who either want to use me or abuse me. I would give anything to meet a man who wanted to give me something—sympathy, understanding, or confidence.

"I have tried to be a generous man, but it takes more understanding than I have to donate money in such a fashion that it will really help my fellowman. And though I am more than ready to help a good cause, I have become suspicious of the professionally religious man, lest he may be cultivating me only for the purpose of softening me up for more funds.

"One of the things of which I have been robbed is the privilege of hearing the truth courageously expressed and politely phrased. I

have been abused for no other reason than that I am a rich man. I have become accustomed to that, so it makes little impression on me. I have been pointed out as a exploiter because I have made money by employing large numbers of men at productive labor. It makes no difference that I have provided them with improved tools and laborsaving machines. I have drawn down upon my head the wrath of many—even men of God in their pulpits—for other activities.

"Like the psalmist in the Old Testament, 'no man cared for my soul.' I would like to have a friend who would enjoy me for what I am, what I think, what I believe, and what I have to say. I would like to feel that my pastor came to the hospital to see me and pray with me because I was a child of God suffering excruciating pain, and not because I was one of his 'leading laymen' who might be expected to increase his pledge.

"I appreciate respect, but I would like to hear some humble Christian tell me I was wrong, and then proceed to reason with me and to show me wherein I was wrong, instead of condemning me in my absence.

"I would like to hear some plain little woman say she had missed me from my pew last Sunday, when I had to be out of town. Occasionally, if he is the right kind of young man, I would like to hear one of the younger fellows call me by my first name, as though I really *belonged*. I would greatly enjoy having my pastor call on me in my office, to talk with me about some of the spiritual problems of the church. Especially, I would like to have him talk to me about the problems he faces with his own son.

"I always read the story of Nicodemus' midnight visit with Jesus with a deep inner satisfaction. He must have been a learned and, probably, a rich man. But Jesus neither argued or posed in his presence. Instead, the Master treated him as a human being in need of counsel.

"I think my preacher finds it hard to talk to me because I have been financially successful. Maybe I have never learned to speak his language, having been busy all my life speaking another tongue. But I think I could learn to speak his dialect if I heard it often enough. The trouble is, I have never heard the language of religion except as it is spoken from the pulpit.

"Yes, I am an up-and-inner, and it is not a pleasant place to be when sorrow is eating away at your heart, and your money is so helpless."

Before his death in April at age 76, Dr. Smith had prepared this and other Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency. They will be published in issues to come.—EDITORS.

Yes, indeed, there are lots of things wrong with the movies, and they deserve much of the abuse which preachers, editors, and moralists heap upon them. Yet the films are not all bad, and producers are trying to turn out pictures meriting praise.

Hollywood Has Problems, Too!

By GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The Methodist Church

YEARS AGO, it is said, the *New Yorker* never reviewed a movie seriously because the editor, Harold Ross, regarded all movies as fit only for fools and children. From the beginning, Hollywood has been fair game for all, with no closed season.

Any moralist decrying the present state of morals is sure to aim a few sharp paragraphs at pictures. A preacher needing a few more minutes to round out the sermon finds an attack on Hollywood the perfect filler. Deriding a recent film will fill the blank on the editorial page. Indeed, if there were no film industry, we would have to invent one!

None of these attackers needs to falsify or exaggerate to find legitimate targets. There have been and there are plenty of reasons to become seriously concerned. Pictures are a tremendous influence in the United States and around the world. When they are not on the side of the angels, as so often is the case, somebody has to do something about it. Any industry that can influence youthful attitudes toward sex, behavior, values, ideas, standards, and democracy as Hollywood can must always stand under the searching eyes of the home, the school, and the church. But first, let us look at Hollywood's current troubles.

The main problem is the loss of audience with the consequent loss of income. What movies did to vaudeville, television has done to movies. For a time, the picture people tried to ignore TV in the hope that we would get tired of it and go to the theaters again. Then they tried to fight it by withholding

films and preventing their contract actors from appearing on television. Drive-ins helped recover some of the lost business in "hardtop" theaters, but all efforts were unavailing. From an estimated 90 million customers per week after the war, attendance has slipped to half that number or less. Theaters continue to close, and the future has no brightness for theater investors.

The first weapon used to combat

this nonattendance was technology. Cinerama appeared in 1952, and the first show grossed more than \$25 million. Then came 3-D with people wearing disposable Polaroid glasses to get the effect of things coming out of the screen. But CinemaScope with its wide screen put an end to 3-D and, in spite of certain artistic weaknesses, it seems here to stay. Yet the audiences continued to decline, and the pro-

Bright, wholesome entertainment for all the family was provided by The Music Man, with this 76 Trombones sequence starring Robert Preston.





Dealing forthrightly with moral questions arising from Nazi war-crimes trials, Judgment at Nuremberg had a star-studded cast that included Maximilian Schell (standing, left). His performance won an Academy Award.

ducers turned desperately to something else.

Richard MacCann, former movie reviewer and teacher of film writing at the University of Southern California, has a chapter in his *Hollywood in Transition* with the intriguing title: *From Technology to Adultery*. His thesis is that technology having failed to recapture audiences, the moviemakers turned to the exploitation of sex. The emphasis of *Butterfield 8* was described by newspaper columnist Dick Williams, a Methodist layman, as "almost entirely and unrelievedly on sex." There was a flood of pictures full of lust and violence made to appeal to young people. Horror pictures were revived, and sometimes horror and violence were combined as in *I Was a Teen-Age Werewolf*.

Now there seems to be a fall off of this emphasis on sex and violence, although as recently as November 10, 1962, columnist John Crosby wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post* that "movies are too dirty." A rising wave of protest from parents, churches, and civic groups may have had something to do with lessening the production of these atrocities. But it is true also

that they are not now generally successful at the box office.

There is a lack of control in the industry today which makes it very difficult to discipline independent producers who accept no moral responsibility and are eager only to make a fast buck. There was a time when a few major studios practically controlled the picture-making business, but that no longer is the case. Name actors have found it possible to make huge profits because of personal box office appeal. The studios, on the other hand, have had little to offer except physical plant, technical departments, sales organization, and financing skill. Because all these things can be leased or substituted, the day of the independent is here. This change was supposed to release new creativeness in Hollywood, but the results do not fulfill the theory.

A very knowledgeable man in Hollywood told me that there are many reputable people in Hollywood who are as unhappy with many of the pictures being produced as I am. But they do not know a way to stop them.

Those connected with pictures have never known continuing se-

curity. Great one moment, they are forgotten the next day. There is little sense of the past and hardly any planning for the future. Now the idea is to make big pictures which are spectacular, long, and expensive—but promise huge profits. The *Cleopatra* cost, according to Joe Hyams, Hollywood correspondent for *This Week*, is \$32 million and includes such items as \$65 per day for an antipinch patrol to escort Liz Taylor's handmaidens to and from work.

Is this the road to recovery and the mark of leadership? It does not seem so to me, especially if it means so few regular-length pictures with the result that a spectacular must be shown at the same theater for three weeks to enable the local managers to pay the rental fee. I do not think most people want to be overwhelmed and tired out every time they go to a movie.

Hollywood needs more honest self-criticism. I presided at a luncheon for several prominent producers and industry leaders to give representatives from the National Council of Churches Broadcasting and Film Commission an opportunity to share our concern for ex-

cessive sex and violence in pictures. Instead of recognizing the problem and accepting us as friendly critics, the producers pretended to believe that nothing was wrong. Such an attitude is ridiculous and it fools nobody. Without a more realistic point of view they are likely to get censorship which raises more problems than it solves.

Arthur Mayer, in a *Saturday Review* article titled *How Much Can the Movies Say?* reveals how impossible it is to depend on the legalism of censorship for the cleansing of movie morals. Everyone has a different timetable for a kiss—as though quantity is the only measurement. Boston had two boards of censor—one for weekdays and one for Sunday. Sometimes a board will pass a scene if it is darkened or made less distinct. The decisions of such censor boards have yet to be upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States, which now regards movies as not merely entertainment but communication, and hence enjoying the rights of free speech. But censorship or worse will overtake Hollywood unless it becomes more aware of its responsibilities.

Today, more than 50 percent of

the movie industry's gross income comes from foreign showings. According to the U.S. Department of Commerce, there are 154,852 motion-picture theaters in the world, only 16,991 of them in the United States. Foreign quota systems and foreign censorship are added problems facing American movies, and it is very difficult to find a villain who will not offend some nationality. The safest bet, one director told me, is to make him an American.

We must not forget that the movies we distribute abroad are presenting America to the world. Geoffrey Shurlock, administrator of Hollywood's production code, has reminded us, "Drama is about extreme cases. Drama, from Sophocles to O'Neill, has seldom done a good public-relations job for any country." Quite so, but it is disturbing to note that 50 to 60 percent of Hollywood movies show America as a land of violence. Cecil B. deMille once told the Screen Producers Guild that they must not forget they were affecting the lives of men, women, and children throughout the world.

Hollywood has an obligation to find the drama in ordinary lives

and in everyday situations. We have had too much of the pervert, the obscene, the vulgar, the degrading. Now is a time demanding greatness in the common man and the recovery of sympathy, compassion, and concern for the suffering. We need not ask the movies to give us sentimental unreality, but only to let shine through their productions a fundamental faith in man and to recognize the reality of the moral order. The Bible deals with the worst, but it makes sin something other than little boys writing bad words on the barn.

One of the main issues facing Hollywood is whether or not it can maintain its family audience. If conditions within the industry continue to be the worst they have been in 47 years, as movie magnate Samuel Goldwyn said they were in 1959, the outlook is not too bright. Nevertheless, entertainment for the whole family is still something that somebody must provide, so when it is provided, it cannot help but be profitable. When a family sees a good film together—say one of Walt Disney's—it is a fine evening. Suddenly they realize how vulgar and boring TV commercials are, and how cheap is most of the TV fare in its dreariest season. Any American family that saw *The Music Man* must have realized anew how wonderful a Hollywood production can be for families. Pay television, if and when, may provide a vast new market for first-run pictures.

Shurlock believes that about half of the productions should be family pictures and he points out that the Catholic Legion of Decency gives that classification to about half of the pictures being produced at the present time. The remaining pictures could be, for want of a better term, adult presentations of adult concerns. Hollywood might discover that people have other interests than adultery and that racial



*An exhausted wolf, having pursued two children through the forest, finally gives up the chase as Archimedes, the owl, flies by in this scene from Walt Disney's *Sword in the Stone*, a feature-length cartoon. The fantasy is based on King Arthur's boyhood.*

conflicts, social clashes, and economic difficulties are dramatic. In this field, it is to be hoped that Hollywood may resemble the legitimate stage more than the soap opera. It seems to me that there is a place for pictures which we would not expect the kiddies to attend.

We do not want films to be the victims of every self-appointed group which decides to enforce its own intolerant attitudes. The Christian church should be on the side of freedom. Whenever it has forgotten this, the results have not been happy for the Church or for the arts. On the other hand, the Church is the guardian of morals, and, therefore, it has a public responsibility for family life. What should be its attitude toward the movies?

While the industry is officially opposed to it, I have been unable to find any substitute for censorship except the classification of pictures.¹ That means label each picture as suitable for everybody, or for young people, or for children, or for adults. This is what columnist Crosby advocates the state do, as is the case in England. Arthur Mayer, long one of the largest producers, points in this direction, although he is aware of difficulties. The motion-picture industry's production code is a shadow of its former self, and I doubt that it can ever be more than a broad framework of reference. Taste and morality are almost impossible to deal with legally.

But who is to classify? If the government does it, that is censorship. The British board sometimes has agreed to give a picture a *U* (universal) if a certain scene were changed or deleted. Walter Reade, who operates theaters in New York and New Jersey, has the following sign available in all his theaters: "No children under the age of 16 whether or not accompanied by an adult can be admitted to this theater for any part of the program." There are other instances of theater owners accepting this



Authenticity rather than spectacle is stressed in the forthcoming George Stephens production of Fulton Oursler's The Greatest Story Ever Told. Here Mr. Stephens (right) studies costume sketches with Nino Novarese.

role and receiving much appreciation from parents.

The responsibility must be borne finally by parents, which is the place we usually come out. Fortunately, helps are available. I call attention to *The Green Sheet*. Financed by the Motion Picture Association, it is prepared by several national organizations including the Protestant Motion Picture Council and is edited at 28 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y. It distributes 22,000 copies every month to civic, religious, and educational organizations.

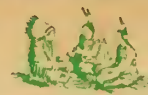
The most effective censor is the box office. Bad pictures which lose money are not repeated. We need to inform ourselves, then stay away from the bad ones. We need to yell loud when we are displeased, for no industry is more dependent on public approval than motion pictures. But let us be just as zealous in voicing appreciation when we are pleased. If Protestantism cannot speak with one voice, it can speak with many voices, and they will be heard. The Broadcasting

and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches has a well-established West Coast office; now Methodism's Television, Radio, and Film Commission is setting up one under the direction of Dr. Howard Tower. Other denominations have or are likely to have similar representatives to make known to the industry Protestant ways and services.

Hollywood being my home town, I close with these personal observations. Liz Taylor with her tasteless antics is not typical of movie actresses. We have seen some deplorable pictures in these last few years, but there have been some outstanding ones too. I shall not forget the night I saw *Judgment at Nuremberg*. There are producers who care for nothing but a profit, but there are great men like George Stevens—and enough of them to make me hopeful of the future.

So let us not wash our hands of Hollywood yet. Motion pictures are not only entertainment, but a very great art form. The greatest days may still be ahead.

¹ For a three-part discussion of this problem, see the *Powwow* How to Get Better Movies [February, 1961, page 30]. Censor, says William J. Campbell, chief judge of the U.S. District Court, Chicago. Boycott, urges Earl Kenneth Wood, former president of Hollywood Ministerial Association and now associate executive secretary of the Co-ordinating Council of The Methodist Church. Classify, advocates Otto Preminger, noted motion-picture producer and director.—Eps.



When Should Children Be Baptized?

The Methodist *Discipline* directs that "... the pastor of each charge shall earnestly exhort all Christian parents or guardians to present their children to the Lord in Baptism at an early age." This generally is interpreted as meaning that babies should be baptized—the younger the better. Nevertheless, some ministers and laymen believe that Baptism should be reserved for conscious believers only. In this *Powwow*, a pastor explains the official position, while a dissenting layman tells why he waited until his children were old enough to understand the Sacrament and the personal involvement it entails.—*Editors.*

AS INFANTS ... *'Both child and parents benefit'*

SAYS EARL R. HOGGARD

Pastor, University Park Methodist Church, Dallas, Texas

THE TRADITIONS of the Church are not so meaningless as some would make them. Though some may have no more practical value than the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, the practice of infant Baptism is em-

phatically not in such a category.

It was not without positive purpose that the early Christians developed the practice of baptizing whole families. More than just the initiation ceremony of those whose religious background was different,

even alien, Baptism became the recognition that growth in the Christian way was beginning.

Centuries later, when the Articles of Religion were adopted, it was recognized that "Christians are distinguished from others that are not baptized." This new life in Christ Jesus reflects the necessity for growth in the Christian way, no matter what one's age may be.

Accepted educational procedures today, based on the recognition of

mental process and emotional development, validate the practice of infant Baptism. The church, being that fellowship in which one is *increased* in faith, *confirmed* in hope, and *made perfect* in love, should be making more of meaningful symbols and practices such as baptizing infants.

Most of the misconceptions about infant Baptism have come about because of misinformation or lack of information about what Baptism is, particularly what is involved in infant Baptism.

Across the street from a church I once served was the major church of a denomination which does not practice infant Baptism. Year after year, parents of that congregation brought their babies to the Methodist church for Baptism.

Also in that city is a church with some 6,000 members, of a denomination which takes pride in having no ritual and which does not practice infant Baptism. Yet, that church has developed a service of the Dedication of Infants—closely akin to our own service for the Baptism of infants.

It is evident in such instances as these that there is a definite movement toward the use of this Sacrament. Too many of our people are becoming neglectful of it.

We need to keep before us two questions about infant Baptism: What is it? What does it do?

A great church historian, Dr. Robert W. Goodloe, in his *The Sacraments in Methodism*, observes:

"In the great proportion of all Christian bodies since the middle of the second century, devout parents have felt under obligation . . . in bringing their sons and daughters to the altars of the church and there dedicating them to the service of the Lord. Of course, no parent can commit the will of the child to God, nor compel any son or daughter to serve the Lord; that is a matter of individual faith; but anxious fathers and mothers can at the altar of the church make earnest promise to God and to friends to live before their children as becomes the Gospel, and so fulfill the scriptural injunction to train up a child in the way he should go. It seems strange indeed that such an act on the part of parents and church should be declared contrary to him who said, 'Suf-

fer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.'"

Merely reading the service has relieved many misconceptions about infant Baptism. Such a reading, says Dr. Goodloe, shows that the church, through the Sacrament, is saying to both the congregation and to parents:

"Here is a little one who is capable of becoming a great good man; likewise he may grow up filled with sin and wickedness. Which of these two he is to become will depend on his own deliberate choice, but the primary influence in helping him to make that choice is the example, the instruction, the association which the child is to have during the years he is becoming aware of the reality of good and the reality of evil. . . . We believe that by the use of an objective ceremony like that of infant Baptism, the possibility of influencing the tender mind of the growing child in favor of righteousness may be impressed upon congregation and parents more effectively than by any other agency.

"What good, then, can a few drops of water sprinkled on the head of a child do? . . . The minister wants to say to them [father and mother]: 'The religious choices of this child as he grows to maturity will depend more largely on your example, your instruction, than upon any other single influence. . . . To that end I want you to make a promise before this congregation that so far as in you lies, the Lord being your helper, you will seek to lead this child into the love of God and the service of the Lord Jesus Christ!'"

As is any Baptism, the rite of infant Baptism is a public recognition of a person becoming a part of the Christian family. In a culture

like ours, especially, youngsters need not only to be identified as being Christian but also they need "that sense of belonging." Much of the frustration of youth can be traced to a lack of the sense of belonging. The drive to belong is a common factor in the alignment of youngsters in the pursuits that lead to delinquency.

Infant Baptism becomes a focal point in the development of an atmosphere wherein a youngster can grow toward the fullness of Christian living without the necessity of feeling outside.

The service of infant Baptism is an assumption of responsibility on the part of the church in joining with the parents in nurturing the child.

Some say that nothing happens to the baby when it is baptized. But, those of us who have seen "something happening" to the parents during this Sacrament know that what has happened to them has an inescapable effect on the youngster. It is reflected in the growing child because of the enriched quality of behavior of the parents after the Baptism.

Infant Baptism does not preclude the child, upon reaching "the age of accountability," making his own vows which had been taken on his behalf. The ritual for the reception of persons into the church makes provision for this. And, reflecting over 27 years in the Methodist ministry, I become more aware that the experience is deepened when the youngster makes his parents' dedication his own.

Infant Baptism is not only a sacred tradition of our church, it is a significant experience to be shared with our people.

LATER ... 'When they can understand the service'

DECLARES J. ADDISON ENGLAND

Insurance Executive and Methodist Layman, Madison, Wis.

MY WIFE and I chose not to have our four daughters baptized as infants. Instead, we waited until all were old enough to understand fully the service of Baptism.

And if we had it to do over, we

would do the same thing again.

Despite pressure from relatives (my mother was shocked) and friends, my wife, Janet, and I delayed having the girls baptized until they ranged in age from 4 to 10

years. Now, six years after that ceremony, all the children say they are glad that we waited.

"If I had been a baby," says Julie Ann, now 16, "I wouldn't have known what Baptism meant."

YES, I understand and appreciate the church's official stand that children should be brought in for Baptism at an "early age." Most Methodists interpret this to mean the earliest possible age. Yet the *Discipline* does not explicitly order infant baptism.

I like Bishop F. Gerald Ensley's stand: "As to the time and method (of Baptism) the followers of John Wesley take the broad view. If parents wish to receive the blessing of the church upon the child in their heart, sealing their concern for its upbringing by taking on themselves the high vows of Baptism, the Methodist minister will baptize the child. If, on the other hand, conscience will not permit early Baptism of the child, the Methodist minister might want to wait."

I notice that the *Discipline* has separate ceremonies for the Baptism of infants, children and youths, and adults.

Infant Baptism is not mentioned in the New Testament. The urging that infants be baptized is based on the principle that a child should be given a good start. Many theologians teach that parents should not let sin have a chance to get hold of a child.

My wife and I have the same ideas of safeguarding our children from sin. As committed Christians ourselves, we have tried to train them properly, to set good examples for them, and in other ways to indoctrinate them with good Christian principles. Consequently, we do not see how our delaying their Baptism exposed them to sin.

I think that the stress upon infant Baptism has been handed down from the Dark Ages in Europe, when unschooled people lived in constant dread of mysterious evil forces. It is hard for us today to comprehend the terrors resulting from physical perils, and the fears resulting from ignorance and superstition. It is still harder to grasp the

appallingly high infant mortality in those times, when many children did not survive even their first year. Parents feared that if a child died unbaptized, its soul would be lost. This same feeling was expressed to my wife and me while we were waiting to have our daughters baptized. Friends challenged:

"How can you risk having something happen to the children without their being baptized?"

"I believe that God is merciful and loving, not heartless and cruel; he would not damn an unbaptized child," I always replied with conviction.

Not being a theologian, I cannot discuss the fine points of doctrine. However, as a sincere Methodist layman (I was indoctrinated thoroughly in churches served by the late Roy L. Smith, former editor of the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, and Dwight E. Loder, now president of Garrett Theological Seminary), I am interested in what we believe, what we practice, and why we do.

I have read that Karl Barth, perhaps the most influential of living Protestant theologians, emphasizes the New Testament idea is not that a person is *taken* to Baptism, but that he *goes* to Baptism—voluntarily and intentionally. In other words, Baptism is a responsible act. This is what my wife and I believe.

As I understand him, Dr. Barth even teaches that it is inadvisable for an infant to be baptized because an infant cannot be an active partner in the rite—in the actual rebirth to new life in Jesus Christ. He insists that the person being baptized should not be a passive participant.

My wife and I feel that the Baptism of a child is in a sense a dedication of the child to the Lord. We wanted our children to understand that the blessing of the church was an official expression before God and the congregation that they were to walk in his way and to obey his precepts, and that by the ceremony they were committing themselves to him for the rest of their lives.

The baptismal rite for our four daughters was administered on February 24, 1957, by the Rev. Robert H. Adams, Jr., then at Bethany Methodist Church in Mad-

ison, Wis. Before the service, Mr. Adams spoke privately with the girls, explaining the significance of Baptism, telling why babies were baptized, and pointing out why the Sacrament should mean more to our girls at their ages than if they had been baptized as infants. Because they all knew what the service was about, it impressed them deeply.

The congregation seemed to appreciate the service, too, even though many persons did not agree with me and my wife.

The water for the christening came from the River Jordan. There was a sentimental reason for this. I had spent some time in the Holy Land during World War II and had visited Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, and I made up my mind then that if I ever had children I would like to have them baptized with water from the river where Jesus was baptized. A Wisconsin friend, who was general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Jerusalem, dipped the water out of the River Jordan and mailed it to us.

Even though I am firm in my conviction, I do not argue that a person should postpone Baptism until adulthood. I simply see advantages in waiting until an individual is old enough to understand it. As it was explained by our pastor, even our youngest daughter, Tamara Ann, who then was four years old, understood it.

OUR children's Baptism was not something which we parents did for them, but an act which they entered into themselves—a personal commitment when they knew what they were pledging in return for God's blessing through the church.

This is why all four girls, six years later, intimate that if and when they have children of their own, they plan to wait until the youngsters reach the age of discretion before having them baptized.

Julie Ann, 16, and Janice Andrea, 14, have been confirmed. Jo Allison, 12, will be confirmed next year and Tamara Ann, 10, will be confirmed when her class is admitted to full membership in The Methodist Church.



Sgt. Kirkpatrick and his daughter, Michele, six, enjoy picnic lunch at an MYF beach party.

People Called Methodists/Number 30

Methodists Abroad:

They 'Adopted' an MYF Group

THE TITLE above tells only half our story. It's true, of course, that William D. Kirkpatrick and his wife, Vera, adopted the Methodist Youth Fellowship of St. Paul Methodist Church in Manila. But it was a two-way affair. The Philippine MYFers adopted the Kirkpatrick family, too!

Master Sergeant Kirkpatrick, a 15-year Army veteran, is chief clerk for the military attaché at the American Embassy in the Philippine capital. Shortly after arriving in their new home, the Kirkpatricks

Wearing his U.S. Army uniform only for special occasions, Kirk goes to work at the embassy in civilian attire. Here he stops to chat with a Filipino guard.





As "mascots" of the MYF, the three young Kirkpatricks sometimes get to go along on the youth group's outings. Coached here by the guitar's owner, Timothy, five, tries his skill at twanging.

Besides his work with youth, Kirk organized the Phil-Am Squares, an adult square-dancing club for both Filipinos and Americans. He does the calling and Vera helps teach new steps. The group meets weekly in recreation rooms of Union Church. Another of his hobbies is hunting, and he has visited remote Philippine areas to hunt deer and wild boar.

sought Methodist friends. A missionary acquaintance led them to St. Paul Church, and when young people there learned of Kirk and Vera's experience with youth groups, their election as MYF advisors was unanimous.

Seeking to deepen the MYF members' knowledge of their faith, the couple suggested many ideas for projects, worship, and study. In outings and recreation, friendship between the U.S. family and the Filipino youths has become a firm bridge of understanding.

Living overseas is no new experience for the Kirkpatricks. After their hometown marriage at Metropolis, Ill., in 1952, they went to Augsburg, Germany. Michele, now six, arrived before they were transferred back to Fort Campbell, Ky. Timothy, five, and Lynn, three, were born in the U.S.

At St. Paul Church, at interdenominational Union Church (where they attend Sunday morning services), and in other phases of Manila community life, the Kirkpatricks have cultivated friendship with Filipinos. "We want to be good interpreters of Philippine life and culture," the sergeant explains.

Says the Rev. Francisco S. Galvez, former St. Paul pastor: "We are immensely proud of Kirk and Vera. Stepping out of their way to find us is truly an indication of their Christian spirit of concern."





In colorful Western garb, members of the Phil-Am Squares perform exhibition dances on the lawn of the embassy for a celebration of U.S. Independence Day.



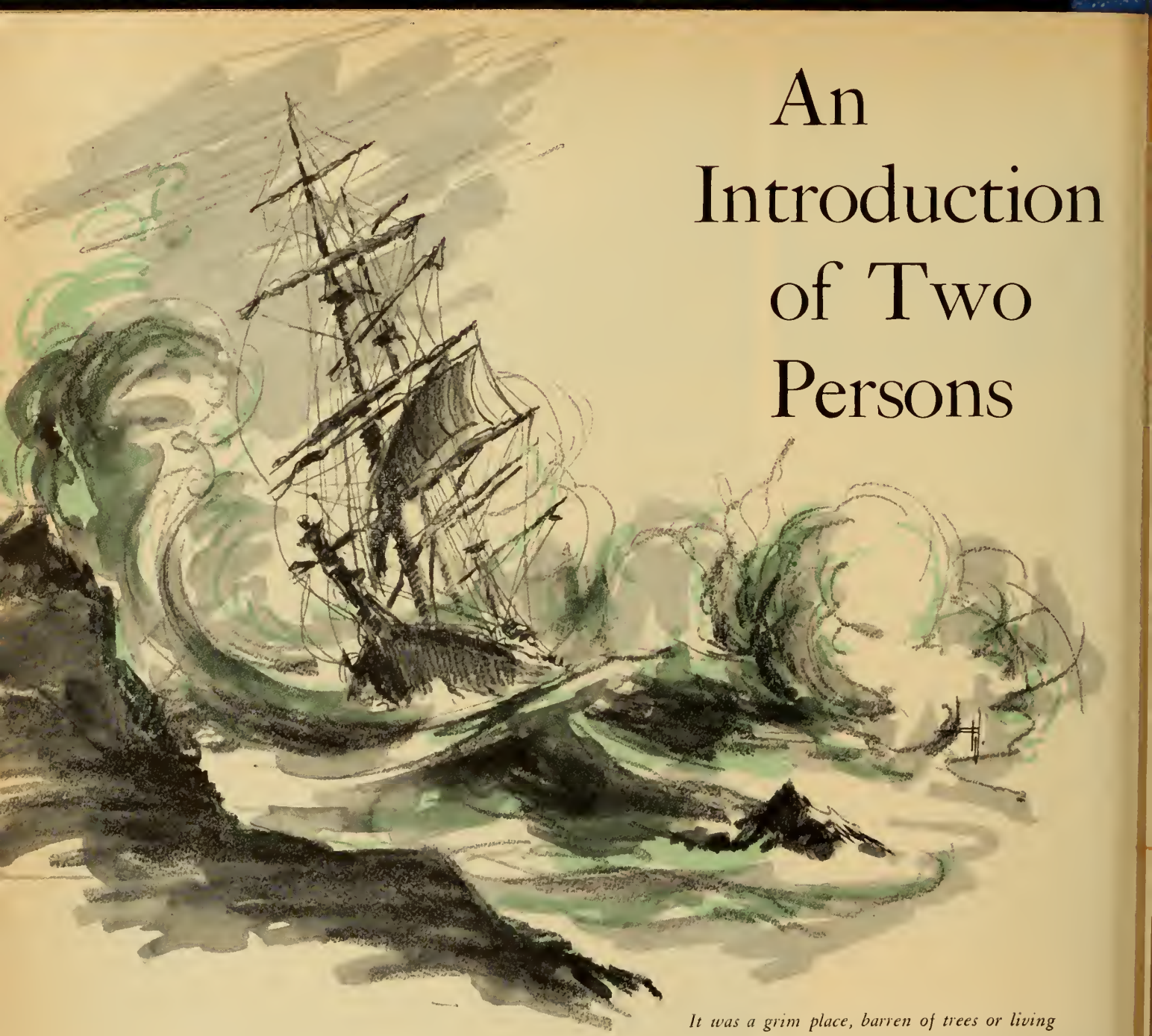
A member of the women's auxiliary of Methodism's Mary Johnston Hospital, Vera rolls bandages and cotton balls. Each week, she entertains crippled children with toys and games.



At an MYF meeting, Kirk leads a discussion on Christian witness. A scrap-paper drive, sparked by the Kirkpatricks, resulted in new chairs for the church school.

The five Kirkpatricks pause outside Union Church, where both parents teach classes. St. Paul Church is across town in the overcrowded Tondo section on the shore of Manila Bay.





An Introduction of Two Persons

By EDWARD W. BOK

It was a grim place, barren of trees or living green. A dangerous ledge of rock proved the graveyard of many a vessel. As each was wrecked, men on shore looted it and murdered surviving crewmen.

ALONG AN ISLAND in the North Sea, five miles from the Dutch coast, stretches a dangerous ledge of rock that has proved the graveyard of many a vessel sailing that turbulent sea. On this island once lived a group of men who, as each vessel was wrecked, looted the vessel and murdered those of the crew who reached shore. The government of the Netherlands decided to exterminate the island pirates, and for the job King William selected a young lawyer at The Hague.

"I want you to clean up that is-

land," was the royal order. It was a formidable job for a young man of 20-odd years. By royal proclamation he was made mayor of the island and within a year, a court of law being established, the young attorney was appointed judge; and in that dual capacity he "cleaned up" the island.

The young man now decided to settle on the island and began to look around for a home. It was a grim place, barren of tree or living green of any kind; it was as if a man had been exiled to Siberia. Still, argued

the young mayor, an ugly place is ugly only because it is not beautiful. And beautiful he determined this island should be.

One day the young mayor-judge called together his council. "We must have trees," he said; "we can make this island a spot of beauty if we will!" But the practical seafaring men demurred; the little money they had was needed for matters far more urgent than trees.

"Very well," was the mayor's decision—and little they guessed what the words were destined to

mean—"I will do it myself." And that year he planted 100 trees, the first the island had ever seen.

"Too cold," said the islanders; "the severe north winds and storms will kill them all."

"Then I will plant more," said the unperturbed mayor. And for the 50 years that he lived on the island he did so. He planted trees each year; and, moreover, he had deeded to the island government land which he turned into public squares and parks, and where each spring he set out shrubs and plants.

Moistened by the salt mist, the trees did not wither, but grew prodigiously. In all that expanse of turbulent sea—and only those who have seen the North Sea in a storm know how turbulent it can be—there was not a foot of ground on which the birds, storm-driven across the water waste, could rest in their flight. Hundreds of dead birds often covered the surface of the sea. Then one day the trees had grown tall enough to look over the sea and, spent and driven, the first birds came and rested in their leafy shelter. And others came and found protection, and gave their gratitude vent in song.

Within a few years so many birds had discovered the trees in this new island home that they attracted the attention not only of the native islanders but also of the people on the shore five miles distant, and the island became famous as the home of the rarest and most beautiful birds. So grateful were the birds for their resting place that they chose one end of the island as a special spot for the laying of their eggs and the raising of their young, and they fairly peopled it. It was not long before ornithologists from various parts of the world came to "Eggland," as the farthestmost point of the island came to be known, to see the marvelous sight, not of thousands but of hundreds of thousands of bird eggs.

A pair of storm-driven nightingales now had found the island and mated there; their wonderful notes thrilled even the souls of the natives, and as dusk fell upon the seabound strip of land the women and children would come to "the square" and listen to the evening notes of the birds of golden song. The two nightingales soon grew into a colony, and within a few years so rich was the island in its nightingales that over

to the Dutch coast and throughout the land and into other countries spread the fame of "The Island of Nightingales."

Meantime, the young mayor-judge had kept on planting trees each year, setting out his shrubbery and plants, until their verdure now beautifully shaded the quaint, narrow lanes, and transformed into cool, wooded roads what once had been only barren sun-baked wastes.

In no time, artists began to hear of the place and brought their canvases, and on the walls of hundreds of homes throughout the world hang today bits of the beautiful lanes and wooded spots of "The Island of Nightingales." The American artist, William M. Chase, took his pupils there almost annually. "In all the world today," he declared to his students, as they exclaimed at the natural cool restfulness of the island, "there is no more beautiful place."

The trees now are majestic in their height of 40 or more feet, for it is nearly 100 years since the young attorney went to the island and planted the first tree; today the churchyard where he lies is a bower of cool green, with the trees that he planted drop-



He Made the World A Bit More Beautiful

*Mr. Bok: He was a leading
American editor-philanthropist.*

FOR 30 YEARS, Edward William Bok was called "a lay preacher to the largest congregation in the United States." He earned that sobriquet as editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* by fighting for such causes as the better-babies movement, teaching social hygiene to young boys and girls, making American cities more beautiful, improving home architecture, wiping out of the evils of patent medicines, and promoting peace.

His deep concern for peace led him in 1923 to create the American Peace Award, providing \$100,000 for the best practical plan for achieving and preserving world peace.

Bok was born at Den Helder, The Netherlands, on October 9, 1863, and was brought by his parents to this country when he was

six. His father died soon after that, and Bok had a part-time job by the time he was 10. Leaving school at 13, he began a full-time career in journalism, continuing his education in night school. Before his death in 1930, he had written 9 inspiring books.

Our thanks and the \$25 monthly *Reader's Choice* award go to Harold Garnet Black of Beverly Hills, Calif., for nominating this excerpt from *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, an autobiography. (Copyright, 1920, Charles Scribner's Sons; renewal copyright, 1948, Mary Zimbalist. Used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)—EDITORS.

*This Singing Tower and 58-acre park,
a gift to the American people, is the site
of Bok's grave near Lake Wales, Fla.*





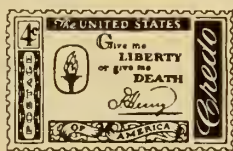
"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

The Suisun-Fairfield (Calif.) Congregational Church bulletin published this brief item under the auspices of the Rev. C. W. Kirkpatrick, the pastor:

"This . . . is . . . the . . . way . . . the . . . church . . . sometimes . . . looks . . . to . . . the . . . pastor . . . when . . . he . . . goes . . . into . . . the . . . pulpit.

"Should look like this if everybody brought somebody else to church."
—DAVID McCLEARY, Warsaw, Ind.

A near tragedy was averted a couple of years ago when I caught our church secretary about to use the postage stamp shown here on envelopes bearing an invitation to



married couples to come to our church for a Sweetheart Luncheon and a re-exchange of vows. Not even the commemorative Mexican Independence stamp could be used.

—REV. ROBERT A. LUNDY,
South San Francisco, Calif.

It was the preacher's first service before his new congregation. One of the deacons approached to wish him luck. "Just go out there and give your sermon with fire and determination," he said. "You're not afraid of the congregation, are you?"

"Oh, no," smiled the preacher, "the choir and I have them outnumbered."

—CHARLES KENNEDY, Jackson, Mich.

Rx for the blues: Take one Wicked Flea at first sign of depression. Can you prescribe any Fleas for our readers? If so, send them! We'll pay \$5 for each one used—but sorry, we can't return any!—Eds.

ping their moisture on the lichen-covered stone on his grave.

This much did one man do. But he did more.

After he had been on the barren island two years he went to the mainland one day, and brought back with him a bride. It was a bleak place for a bridal home, but the young wife had the qualities of the husband. "While you raise your trees," she said, "I will raise our children." And within a score of years the young bride sent 13 happy-faced, well-brought-up children over that island, and there was reared a home such as is given to few. Said a man who subsequently married a daughter of that home: "It was such a home that once you had been in it you felt you must be of it, and that if you couldn't marry one of the daughters you would have been glad to have married the cook."

One day when the children had grown to man's and woman's estate, the mother called them all together and said to them, "I want to tell you the story of your father and of this island," and she told them the simple story that is written here.

"And now," she said, "as you go out into the world I want each of you to take with you the spirit of your father's work, and each in your own way and place, to do as he has done: Make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it. That is your mother's message to you."

The first son to leave the island home went with a band of hardy men to South Africa, where they settled and became known as "the Boers." Tirelessly they worked at the colony until towns and cities sprang up and a new nation came into being: the Transvaal Republic. The son became secretary of state of the new country and today the Union of South Africa bears tribute, in part, to the mother's message to make the world "a bit more beautiful and better."

The second son left home for the Dutch mainland, where he took charge of a small parish; and when he had finished his work he was mourned by king and peasant as one of the leading clergymen of his time and people.

A third son, scorning his own safety, plunged into the boiling surf

on one of those nights of terror so common to that coast, rescued a half-dead sailor, carried him to his father's house, and brought him back to a life of usefulness that gave the world a record of imperishable value. For the half-drowned sailor was Heinrich Schliemann, the famous explorer of the dead cities of Troy.

The first daughter now left the island nest; to her inspiration her husband owed, at his life's close, a shelf of works in philosophy which today are among the standard books of their class.

The second daughter worked beside her husband until she brought him to be regarded as one of the ablest preachers of his land, speaking for more than 40 years the message of man's betterment.

To another son it was given to sit wisely in the councils of his land; another followed the footsteps of his father. Another daughter, refusing marriage for duty, ministered unto and made a home for one whose eyes could see not.

So they went out into the world, the girls and boys of that island home, each carrying the story of their father's simple but beautiful work and the remembrance of their mother's message. Not one from that home but did well his or her work in the world; some greater, some smaller, but each left behind the traces of a life well spent.

And, as all good work is immortal, so today all over the world goes on the influence of this one man and one woman, whose life on that little Dutch island changed its barren rocks to a bower of verdure, a home for the birds and the song of the nightingale. The grandchildren have gone to the four corners of the globe, and now are the generation of workers—some in the far East Indies; others in Africa, still others in our own land of America.

But each has tried, according to the talents given, to carry out the message of that day, to tell the story of the grandfather's work—just as it is told here by this author, who, in the efforts of his later years, has tried to carry out, so far as opportunity has come to him, the message of his grandmother:

"Make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it."



*In some respects, John Wesley failed as missionary to the Indians in Georgia from 1736-37.
But he may have left a leaven which helped feed religious ferment in the Colonies.*

When Did Methodism Begin?

*Sparked in 1729 by the Holy Club, societies sprang up in many places.
Here an eminent British Methodist puts into perspective known evidence.*

By FRANK BAKER

BEFORE we try to answer this question, we should ask another: *What is Methodism?* Seeking an answer, it will be helpful to oversimplify the story of British Methodism by distinguishing three stages—the movement, the society, and the church.

The *Methodist movement* in Britain may be said to have begun with the group at Oxford University who in 1729 earned the nickname "Methodists." Their main theme was the pursuit of holiness—hence their other well-known nickname of "Holy Club." The Oxford Methodists emphasized the value of devout Bible study, ardent prayer, frequent Communion, fasting, hymn-singing, and good works.

In his sermon on *The Circumcision of the Heart*, preached be-

fore the university in 1733, their leader, John Wesley, maintained that those who were born of God by faith in Christ could have the witness of the Holy Spirit that they were the children of God.

This movement was a stirring of the dry bones of conventional "churchianity," especially of the Church of England, to whose communicants the great university was limited. Gradually the new spirit spread to the denominations dissenting from the Established Church, who also underwent a spiritual transformation. The term "Methodist" was widely used all over the English-speaking world to refer to this spiritual awakening in general, long after the formation of Wesley's societies.

The *Methodist Society* began in

1739, when in London and Bristol Wesley organized societies which looked to him alone for leadership. They were formed partly from Wesley's own converts and partly from the ranks of older Anglican societies, revived under Methodist and Moravian influence but now splitting over doctrinal issues.

Wesley's driving genius not only preserved a devotional spirit, high moral standards, and a program of community service among the new societies, but made them into a tightly knit "connexion" by means of carefully chosen lay leaders and lay preachers. Throughout his life, he maintained that they were not churches, nor were his preachers ministers. Good Methodists still loyally attended their parish churches (or occasionally dissent-

ing meetinghouses) for regular worship and Sacraments, for marriages and funerals. The Methodist Society offered them extra preaching services out of church hours and the extra fellowship of the weekly class meeting.

As a society within the church, Methodism had its own rules, its own conditions of membership. These included no doctrinal beliefs, nor even an insistence on an experience of salvation, but simply "a desire 'to flee from the wrath to come, to be saved from their sins,'" evidenced by avoiding evil, doing good, and using the means of divine grace.

The *Methodist Church* arose in Britain when the "people called Methodists" ceased to depend on the parish church for worship and Sacraments. To his dying day, Wesley maintained that he and his followers remained loyal churchmen, and there was no official declaration setting up the Methodist Church until the present century. In fact, however, strand by strand Wesley had been severing the ties attaching his society to the Church of England. As early as 1743, he leased a disused Huguenot chapel where for nearly 50 years he administered Communion to his London followers. (The building, West Street Chapel, still stands, a stone's throw from Piccadilly Circus.)

The year 1784 should probably be regarded as marking Wesley's ecclesiastical declaration of independence. In that year, he not only legally incorporated the Methodist Conference as a self-perpetuating body in control of the Methodist Societies (with no oversight by any Anglican bishop or court), but assumed episcopal functions by ordaining preachers to administer the Sacraments in America.¹

We are sure that in America Methodism entered its church phase in 1784. The group of preachers summoned to Lovely Lane Chapel in Baltimore that Christmas followed the lines laid down by Wesley, but went a little farther than he intended by officially adapting a title and a consti-

tution for the Methodist Episcopal Church.²

The earlier phases present more difficulty. Again, several preliminary questions may help us to arrive at a satisfactory answer.

First: *Was Wesley a Methodist when he came to Georgia in 1735?*

In the wider meaning of the term, the answer can only be yes. Even if we ask whether he was a converted man, the answer might be the same. He was a devout Christian seeking a richer experience of God—in other words, a true "Oxford Methodist." Indeed, the Georgia mission was clearly a project of the Holy Club, engaging four key members and the intended support of at least two others.

WESLEY'S *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published at Charleston, S.C., in 1737, confirms this point. The hymns for Sunday and Saturday are mainly hymns of praise, but the 20 hymns in the central section for use on Wednesdays and Fridays all emphasize personal salvation from sin, and nearly all imply that this comes only from the free grace of God in Christ. Most of those which Wesley chose or translated were already strikingly personal prayers to God; others he altered so that they, too, became personal addresses to God. Assuredly this hymnbook was produced by a devout believer in Christian experience.

Second: *Did Wesley use any "Methodist" practices in Georgia?*

Again the answer is yes, even apart from the strengthening of Methodist hymn-singing and the birth of the first hymnbook. The band meeting, the love feast, extempore prayer and preaching, the use of lay helpers, all seem to have come to him as germ ideas in Georgia. Most important of all, he clearly developed the practice of forming societies for prayer, singing of hymns, and fellowship, in addition to regular public worship.

It is interesting to note that the practice of meeting on Wednesday evenings, begun in Savannah, was followed in the society which he and Boehler founded in London—and the *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* is an important clue to

what they sang on those occasions. It was no looking backward through rose-colored spectacles that led him in 1781 to state, in the "Short History of the People Called Methodists" closing his four-volume *Concise Ecclesiastical History*:

"The first rise of Methodism, so called, was in November, 1729, when four of us met together at Oxford; the second was at Savannah, in April, 1736, when twenty or thirty persons met at my house."

Thus, *Wesley introduced Methodism as a movement and even as an embryo Methodist Society to America in 1736.*

But a third question should be asked: *Was the Georgia mission a failure?*

Wesley himself claimed: "All [that is, the Europeans] in Georgia have heard the word of God. Some have believed, and begun to run well. A few steps have been taken towards publishing the glad tidings both to the African and the American heathen [Negroes and Indians]." In later years, he even spoke of a revival in Savannah comparable with the Great Awakening in New England, though for this he gave the Moravians chief credit.

We must discount some, but certainly not all, of Whitefield's guileless tribute after a month in Savannah: "The good Mr. John Wesley has done in America, under God, is inexpressible. His name is very precious among the people; and he has laid such a foundation that I hope neither men nor devils will ever be able to shake."

Whatever Wesley's success, his High Church practices and his tactlessness alienated the ruling faction at Savannah, who even twisted his rigorous but faithful pastoral visitations against him so he left with his usefulness crippled. Whether successful or not, it would seem that the influence of Wesley on Georgia was of less importance than Georgia's influence on him.

A fourth question has been too seldom asked: *Did Wesley shake the dust of America off his feet in 1737 until his preachers revived his interest in the 1760s?*

By no means. He was greatly impressed with the work and writings of Jonathan Edwards and introduced them to British Methodists.

¹ See John Wesley *Completes a Decision*, February, page 26.—Eds.

² See And So The Methodist Church Starts, November, 1959, page 28.—Eds.

When asked in 1745 to foster a kind of prayer circle for evangelical ministers in England and Scotland, he agreed, but suggested that Edwards and Gilbert Tennent should also be invited. He supported the establishment of the "College of New Jersey" at Elizabethtown (now Princeton University) and was in friendly touch with Samuel Davies, who succeeded Jonathan Edwards as president. The parcels of books which Wesley sent to Davies included many for Virginia Negroes, who sat up all night singing his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*—a later edition than that of 1737, it should be noted. Long after Wesley left America his publications exerted at least a small influence, especially in Philadelphia, where they were published and sold by Andrew and William Bradford and by Benjamin Franklin.

In spite of his warm interest in the spread of vital religion in America, Wesley had far less direct influence than had Whitefield. We must therefore ask: *Were George Whitefield and Wesley estranged? Also, did Whitefield found any societies in America?*³

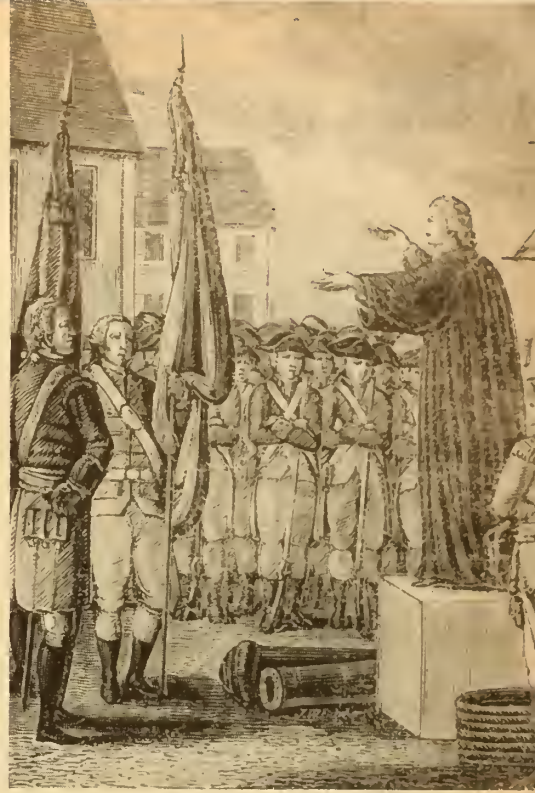
Certainly Whitefield's Calvinism, learned mainly in Scotland and New England, made him less attuned to the Wesleys. He was also inclined to smile at Wesley's emphasis on organization, just as Wesley bemoaned Whitefield's comparative lack of it. Yet apart from occasional rifts such as occur between the best of friends, they remained what each termed "a three-fold cord" until his death. There is no more sincere nor discerning tribute to Whitefield's evangelism than Wesley's funeral sermon, preached in Whitefield's London Tabernacle as well as in Wesley's own Foundry Chapel.

NOR is it quite true that Whitefield completely neglected organization. At least during his second visit to America, 1739-41, he formed societies to secure continued Christian fellowship after his departure. His *Journal* notes two at Philadelphia, one for young men and another for young women,

whom he hoped would prove respectively "good soldiers of Jesus Christ" and "wise virgins." A society was also formed at Lewes, where he landed and preached his first sermon in 1739. This society was still arousing the ire of the local clergyman as late as 1741.⁴ Whether Whitefield took responsibility for them or not, he certainly encouraged society meetings among both Anglicans and Dissenters affected by his preaching. His *Hymns for Social Worship* of 1753 contained 132 "hymns for public worship" and 38 "hymns for society and persons meeting in Christian fellowship."

Nevertheless, organization was not Whitefield's forte, and the Methodism which he learned at Oxford and elsewhere was not channeled through societies under the control either of himself or Wesley, but diffused through existing churches. His evangelism served as a catalyst, linking, sustaining, and extending the revival which all agree began in New England and which Wesley, at least, believed began also in Georgia. Whitefield helped keep the soil in condition for the eventual coming of Wesley's preachers. Indeed, in 1764, he wrote to Wesley in Philadelphia: "Here is room for a hundred itinerants. Lord Jesus, send by whom Thou wilt send!" Replying to such hints and more direct pleas, Wesley told Whitefield in 1767 that he could spare no itinerants, but that some of his local preachers were "equal both in grace and gifts to most of the itinerants."

During this period, immigrant members and local preachers of Wesley's societies, mostly Irish Methodists of German descent, were gathering around themselves groups of sympathizers. Notable leaders were Robert Strawbridge in Maryland (probably in 1764), and Philip Embury in New York (certainly by 1766). In a few months an English soldier-preacher, Captain Thomas Webb, strengthened the hands of these societies, and also settled one in Philadelphia whose origins are obscure, but which may have rested on foun-



Evangelist George Whitefield helped sow the seeds of Methodism far and wide—even to soldiers.

dations laid there even earlier.

Webb was partly responsible for urging the work on Wesley's attention, so that in 1769 American Methodism was officially recognized by the British Conference and itinerant preachers were sent over to consolidate and supervise the work.

Where does this leave us in our inquiry into the beginnings of American Methodism?

With two clear dates at the outer extremes and much uncertainty in between. We can claim that as a movement Methodism began with the Wesleys in 1736 and as a church in 1784. Methodist societies of a kind were in existence from the very beginning and remained a feature of the movement as it was incorporated largely through Whitefield with revived American Christianity. Societies springing directly from British Methodism apparently did not begin until the 1760s but were certainly in existence in 1766, and received Wesley's official support and guidance in 1769.

About this whole middle period, however, much obscurity still remains, demanding further co-ordinated research. Moreover, we may never find final and absolute answers to some of our questions.

⁴ Letter of the Rev. William Beckett to Gov. Thomas of Pennsylvania, January 2, 1741, from Some Records of Sussex County, Delaware, in Lewes (Delaware) Zwaanendael Museum.—Eds.

³ See Eloquent George Whitefield, March, page 28.—Eds.

Walter Rauschenbusch:

PROPHET of the Social Gospel

By F. GERALD ENSLEY

Bishop, Iowa Area
The Methodist Church

NO. 10 in a series on
OUR METHODIST
HERITAGE

A SALLOW-FACED, shabbily dressed tailor is hunched over a coat he is altering in a dingy room. He cannot see his stitches because tears fill his eyes, and he chokes back sobs.

Only a few blocks away his little daughter is dying tonight—and he cannot be there. She is the only drop of sweetness in his cup. But she has been wasting away with tuberculosis for months, and now her clammy forehead and shortened breathing suggest that the time is short. Her father cannot be with her because the boss cannot spare him. If he goes home without permission, it means throwing up a low-paying job that he has been hanging onto by his fingernails. In these grim times in the late '80s, it will be six months before he can find work again. So he sews away while his little girl dies in a squalid tenement.

In the same tough Hell's Kitchen neighborhood of New York City, a young Baptist preacher was mightily disturbed about the little tailor and the sea of fellow immigrants who were pouring through Ellis Island. His name was Walter Rauschenbusch. Neither a social radical nor an ax-swinging reformer, he had come down to the West Side slums as an evangelist, to call the poor tenement dwellers to repentance and an experience of God's pardon.

But he was as sensitive to horizontal human need as he was devout in his vertical allegiance. His father having been an alcoholic, he understood the plight of the pathologically poor. He did not love his neighbor as much as himself but as though the neighbor were himself! He tied his own sensibilities to his brother's nerve endings: when the little tailor sorrowed, his pastor grieved, too. No service to his people's need was too exacting; he had lost his hearing because he had got up from an influenza bed in the Great Blizzard of '88 to minister to sick and needy parishioners. A rough butcher in the neighborhood testified at the close of his ministry that the people had found more in him that was Christ-like than in any human being they had ever met.

Because he identified himself so closely with his people, he was disturbed by what he saw the social order doing to them. When work was plentiful, most of them—thrifty and industrious Germans—got along. When work was scarce, and thrift and industry were of no avail, they suffered patiently. But when really hard times came, as

*about men whose
thoughts helped make
modern Methodism
a dynamic movement.*

they did with tragic frequency in the 1880s, Rauschenbusch wrote that "one could hear human nature cracking and crumbling all around" into destitution, demoralization, prostitution, and crime.

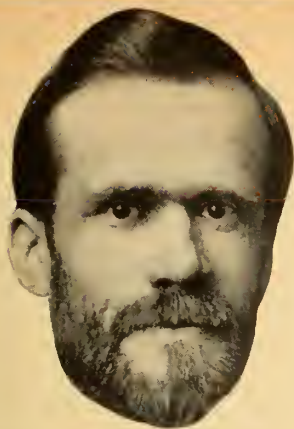
Small businessmen were sucked dry by the tribute collectors of the powerful. Every street was strewn with the white bones of competition. It may be the life blood of trade, but it is fatal to the traders.

In later years, Rauschenbusch wrote that he could never forget "the procession of men out of work, out of shoes, and out of hope" who wore down his parsonage threshold as they wore away his heart. His pity went out to the real victims of the panics—not the gamblers who lost on Wall Street but the little children without milk, boys turned into gangsters, girls driven to harlotry, and the aged from whose pockets the depression filched the last coppers of their security.

The experience of those pastor-days in Hell's Kitchen wrote into Rauschenbusch's consciousness the idea that he later etched into the thinking of the Protestant church: *sin and salvation are social* as well as individual.

The plight of his people was not the just reward of their own transgressions. The vast majority of them wanted eagerly—desperately—to work. Many of them were the finest artisans that continental Europe could supply. But no one would give them work. The prospective employer was not at fault, either. After all, he had to compete for business and, in a competitive order, each is at the mercy of the meanest. It is well and good to talk of loving one's neighbor, but are we thus to love ourselves into bankruptcy? In a time of nationwide business depression, shall the small merchant or contractor employ men he does not need? And if he does, will his five loaves feed the 5,000 unemployed who break his heart with their hungry eyes?

Something, Rauschenbusch concluded, was sinfully wrong with a system that gave bad men advantage,



Dr. Rauschenbusch

A Man Ahead of His Time

1886 became pastor of the Second Baptist Church in New York City.

In those days of individualistic Protestantism, sin and salvation were exclusively personal concerns, but before long Rauschenbusch broke over the boundaries of that narrow theology.

While helping his flock in the needs of body and soul, he participated in municipal political reform movements and began writing. This gained him renown, which led to his joining the faculty of Rochester Theological Seminary in 1897.

A handsome six-footer whose sparkling hazel eyes harmonized with his reddish hair, moustache, and beard, Rauschenbusch was a magnetic personality with a sharp sense of humor.

He met his wife, the former Pauline Rother, at a Baptist meeting in Milwaukee in 1889. They were married four years later, and she shared his pastoral work and other endeavors. Their three sons and two daughters all had distinguished careers.

While he advocated Christian socialism, Rauschenbusch relentlessly denounced Marxism for its crass materialism, its autocratic disregard of human rights, its denial of democratic processes, and its atheism. At the same time, he called for measures to correct the faults which exposed Europe and America to radical upheaval by proposing co-operative enterprises, the alleviation of economic injustices and inequities in business, and steps to ennoble human life.

His counsel was sought in the 1900-1910 decade by President Theodore

Roosevelt and by Prime Minister David Lloyd George, who incorporated many Rauschenbusch ideas in British reform legislation.

His appeals for concerted Christian undertakings helped bring about the formation in 1908 of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America (now the National Council of Churches).

Rauschenbusch's greatest impact was scored by his first book, *Christianity and the Social Crisis*, in 1907. His other major works are *Christianizing the Social Order*, *A Theology for the Social Gospel*, *The Social Principles of Jesus*, and *Dare We Be Christians?* In 1890 he had collaborated with Ira Sankey in editing a German translation of Gospel hymns, *Evangeliums-Lieder*, which long was used widely by German Methodists.

Cancer cut short Walter Rauschenbusch's labors on July 25, 1918.

We of today have become so accustomed to most of Rauschenbusch's programs that few persons realize that they were eye-opening issues when he espoused them. The list includes industrial safety and sanitation, improved working conditions, minimum wages, abolition of child labor, organization of workers to safeguard their rights, pensions, abatement of monopolies, inheritance and income taxes, public housing, pure-food and drug laws, co-operative buying, and parcel post.

Truly, he was a prophet whose thought mightily influenced our present social order.

—HERBERT E. LANGENDORFF

THE FATHER of the social gospel was the seventh in a direct line of ministers. The first five had been Lutherans, but Walter Rauschenbusch's father became a Baptist when he emigrated from Germany to America.

Walter (1861-1918) was born in Rochester, N.Y., but obtained much of his schooling in Germany. Two experiences in his youth cut the channels for his later thinking.

At 17, he had a soul-shaking encounter with Christ, which was reinforced by a sense of saving grace gained afterward as a follower of the evangelists Dwight L. Moody and Ira Sankey.

At about the same time, sweating under an unfeeling taskmaster on a farm one summer, he came to abhor long hours of drudgery at low wages.

Thwarted in his desire to become a missionary after his graduation from Rochester Theological Seminary, because a professor disapproved of his progressive ideas, Rauschenbusch in

caused good men to do bad things, and left the innocent to foot the bill.

The majority of Rauschenbusch's contemporaries, of course, did not share his view of sin as social. The church officially associated sin with sex, intemperance, dancing, and card-playing rather than with the inequities of the economic order. The average churchman then, as many now, regarded the workings of society as none of the church's business. The dominant view was simply to consider a depression as one would a season of bad weather—rough, yes, but nothing one can really do much about and hence to be borne as patiently as possible.

The economic welfare of the country was felt to be in good hands. Had not George F. Baer, president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, assured the nation

in 1902 that "the rights and interests of the laboring men will be cared for . . . by the Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country"?

Granted that there were flagrant abuses in the economic order; still, as the Bible of capitalism—Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*—taught, God in his wonderful providence makes the wrath of men to praise him. He has so arranged life that the universal and selfish pursuit of private profit works out to the benefit of all. The church, therefore, by 1900 had pretty well abandoned concern with the social order to professional reformers. As an observer wrote, the field was divided between "unsocial Christians and unchristian Socialists."

Rauschenbusch set himself to thaw the glacial indiffer-

ence of the church. He saw only two alternatives before the people of God: either condemn the world and seek to change it (which till then never had been tried with full faith on a large scale); or tolerate the world and conform to it, thus surrendering the church's holiness and mission.

He became the brain and lips of social Christianity. He began to write books to arouse the Christian conscience—his first and most influential, *Christianity and the Social Crisis*, he said, was written to discharge his debt to the common people. He spoke widely, summoning churchmen anew to a prophetic Christianity (he defined a prophet as a man who has "a religious conviction that God is against oppression and is on the side of the weak"). He sought to arouse the slumbering Christian passion for justice that it might redeem the social order from its inherent wrongs.

IF SOCIETY is a major source of sin, then salvation must be social, too. We must baptize institutions as well as individuals in the name of Christ. The church must take upon itself the renovation of the world. We must build a society which has compassion for the masses. We must develop an economic order where those at the top can live by the Sermon on the Mount, without the necessity of resorting to sub-Christian practices to survive. At the same time, the black shadow of insecurity must be lifted from those at the bottom—the friendless and the weak.

Social salvation does not mean seeking balm for the people in a socialistic Gilead. Said Rauschenbusch in *Christianizing the Social Order*, "If the church comes to lean on social preachings and doings as a crutch because its religion has become paralytic, may the Lord have mercy on us all!" Nor does saving the social order mean dispensing with personal regeneration. Salvation always begins with a change in the individual, but *it must change him completely*—in his business attitude, his political allegiance, his behavior toward race and class, as well as in his face-to-face relationships.

What Rauschenbusch was trying to say was that the conventional evangelism to which he had committed his life in going down in the Hell's Kitchen slums was not enough. The widely proclaimed doctrine that if you can convert enough individuals you can save society is a half-lie. For you can build a crooked wall out of straight bricks. There is a difference between a nation of converted individuals and a converted nation.

Methodism, for example, from 1800 to 1860 had the greatest overall growth by revival effort in the history of American Protestantism. Yet, all the conversions did not free the slave nor save the North and South from mingling each other's blood in the terrible Civil War.

Rauschenbusch found social issues too great for the traditional mourners' bench to resolve. To rebuke those who took the social order for granted and reduced churchly effort to individual salvage, he invoked a famous and oft-quoted figure of speech—the test at that time employed in asylums to distinguish the sane from the insane. A patient was taken to a basin of water under a running faucet and asked to dip out the water.

The insane patient merely dipped and dipped; the

sane patient turned off the faucet, then dipped the rest.

If we are sound of mind in the church, Rauschenbusch argued, we will not be content with dipping up individual sinners, but we will seek also to dry up the social source. Salvation must be a transformation of both the individual *and* society.

When Rauschenbusch turned from experience to the Bible, he found his social interpretation confirmed. The Hebrew prophets condemned the very social evils that infected American life. The allegedly gentle Jesus told "harmless" stories, like the parables of the worker in the vineyard, enunciating a law of recompense which if taken seriously would turn the economic order upside down.

A Christian is confessedly a person who shares the mind of Jesus Christ. What can his teachings of the sacredness of human personality, the solidarity of the human family, and the obligation of the strong to stand up for all whose place within humanity is denied mean but a social revolution? Most significant of all, Jesus' life and teaching centered in the concept of the kingdom of God. The ultimate goal for Jesus was not an assembly of converted individuals. It was a kingdom, a *society*, "humanity organizing according to the will of God." The final destiny of Christianity, if it is to be true to its Lord, is the progressive transformation of all human affairs by the thought and spirit of Christ.

It goes without saying that Rauschenbusch has had a mighty influence on Methodism. It is more than a coincidence that his first book appeared in 1907 and that the General Conference of the former Methodist Episcopal Church adopted its pathbreaking Social Creed in 1908. His second classic, *Christianizing the Social Order*, was delivered as a course of lectures at Methodist-related Ohio Wesleyan University of which (later) Bishop Herbert Welch was president.

Bishop Francis J. McConnell, probably American Methodism's greatest social prophet, was influenced greatly by Rauschenbusch's thought. His writings have found their way to the shelves of two generations of Methodist preachers and have swelled the tide of social passion in our communion.

IF THE church is to win the mind and allegiance of our time, it must not let the social interest to which Rauschenbusch witnessed pass from its life. Make no mistake: the world is not going back to the *laissez-faire* chaos of which the little tailor was a victim. We are destined, whether we like it or not, to have more and more social control. The issue, crucial for us and our children, is whether the forces that dominate the inevitable public order will be ruled by the vision of a Third Reich, a Marxist society, or the kingdom of God.

Ambassador to India J. Kenneth Galbraith in his *American Capitalism* notes this peculiarity of his countrymen: If a man endeavors to design a better mousetrap, he is looked upon as the soul of enterprise; if he seeks to design a better society, he is regarded as a crackpot. I surmise that our future hangs upon a thoroughgoing revision of that scale of values. If and when the social prophet comes into his own, it will be found that Walter Rauschenbusch's name leads all the rest.

Our foreign student-guest soon discovered . . .

Instead of Hands Across the Sea, It Was Paws Across the Table!

By CHARLOTTE CALLOW

HAD A certain country suddenly broken off diplomatic relations with the United States, our family would not have been surprised.

Our small, local college was proud to have a visa (foreign) student. We wished to entertain him, and, since his family was among the aristocracy of his native land, we planned a rather formal dinner.

The afternoon went smoothly enough with croquet, badminton, and table tennis breaking the ice and helping our guest get acquainted. Friends dropped by in carefully casual manner, and soon the young visitor shed his dignified formality, joining in the laughter.

Taking a cue from this relaxed atmosphere, we abandoned plans for a formal dinner in favor of a buffet. We put away the fine china and got out paper plates. More guests than I had counted on had crowded in, sitting or sprawling wherever they could find space in the living room. The guest of honor sat in front of the fireplace.

Conviviality was wearing away more and more of the student's reserve when suddenly I became aware of several uninvited guests—the family menagerie. First the parakeet, emerging from his always open cage to investigate, perched on the student's shoulder, nipped an ear, and whispered, "Pretty boy, pretty boy, pretty boy!"

Before we could recover from our embarrassment, our huge and shaggy dog lumbered across the room to dislodge the bird. As she proceeded to lick the young man's cheek, our cat, usually an aloof creature, padded across the floor.

By this time, everyone in the family was rushing about, frantically trying to stem this animal invasion. We dragged the dog across the room and ordered her to

"stay"! We shooed the parakeet to a perch atop the drapes. Then we turned on the cat. There she was, leaning against her new friend, purring and looking up fondly at him. While he was temporarily mesmerized, she thrust out a dainty paw, hooked a tidbit off his plate, place it on one of his knees, and contentedly proceeded to dine.

Bewildered by such attention, our guest probably wondered if he had wandered onto Noah's Ark. But when he saw our stricken faces, he laughed.

"They are very friendly animals," he said as the dog broke her stay and the bird returned to perch on the handle of his fork. We swooped to shoo them away, but he gently remonstrated, "You must let them alone." The cat came back, this time with five kittens in tow.

When order finally was restored, I looked at our guest and wondered what he must be thinking—American barbarians, of course! We could not blame him. But to my surprise, he seemed disappointed that the animals had been hustled off.

"They were so friendly," he said again. "Please don't punish them. They seemed to like me."

The remainder of the evening went off smoothly, with no more animal intrusions. However, as we went to the car to drive our guest to his lodging, arrogant Grip, our tame raven, greeted us.

"Hello, Grip," we said automatically. Our guest did a double take at the sight of the big bird. Before we could explain what he was, Grip cawed raucously, strutted up to the guest, and spread his wings in a magnificent bow.

"Well, hello! How are you?" Grip croaked magnanimously. That's his



entire vocabulary, but it sounded impressive. Our guest was speechless, and through our laughter we told him how ravens can mimic persons.

Our guest was silent as we drove him home. At his door, he thanked us politely, then added a last plea:

"Please be kind to the animals. They were only being friendly."

A few days later, we received a letter on fine stationery. It was from our recent guest.

"My dear friends," it began. "I went from your so nice home and immediately wrote to my parents all about the day we had. I told them all about the small green bird who rides on fork handles, the big dog who is so very warm, the cat who brought her kittens to be introduced, and the large vulture who can bow and speak so properly. I'm sure," it ended enthusiastically, "they will be delighted that I have had the opportunity to visit such a typically American family."

To the Smokies

--With Love

By HERMAN B. TEETER

THIS YEAR I'll be among the three million tourists who visit the Great Smoky Mountains National Park—wildest, roughest, and most spectacular scenic region in the East. I have been there many times, but only once in the past eight years. If this sounds like a letter to a long-lost love, that's exactly what it is. These great misty blue mountains seem changeless (geologically they are the oldest in our land), and their cool embrace will be welcome after crowded city streets and the long summer road.

Here 16 peaks rise 6,000 feet or more from valleys so deep and narrow that in some places the sun is seen only at noon. Steep wooded slopes end in the green gloom of balsam forests above rock formations so old they contain no fossils. Along their summits, some 5,000 feet above sea level, the Appalachian Trail wanders on its way from Maine to Georgia.

The Smokies, boasting an amazing variety of plant and animal life, are 20th-century man's introduction to the world as it once was. The Indians called them the *Unakas*—land of clouds, abundant rain, fleeting sunshine, and many trees. There are streams few men have followed; gorges cluttered with boulders bigger than houses; moss, deep humus; and trickling water everywhere; a flowering wonderland above woodland blossoms so tiny they are seldom seen by the naked eye; and those mysterious "balds"—silent meadows in the sky—that remain unexplained.

Once menaced by lumber interests, this primitive beauty was saved for posterity by Tennesseans, North Carolinians, and the dimes of school children. Great Smoky Mountains National Park was authorized in 1926, and highlands that once balked empire builders now yield gently to the tourist—thanks to a modern highway and hundreds of miles of hiking trails.

Something of the mountains gets into the men and women who are born and reared there. The old highlander, who retained the customs and speech of the Elizabethan, had an inbred fitness to endure severe cold and sudden weather changes. Among his descendants are men like Jack Huff and Dick Whaley, hill boys who became shrewd businessmen and managers of Gatlinburg's largest and finest hotels.

Huff, who operated a lodge atop 6,593-foot Mount LeConte—and once spent a winter there amid tremendous snows—for many years led parties of hikers to this "grandest view in the East." Almost 30 years ago he left town on one hike which became a saga of the Great Smokies. That day he wore a chairlike affair strapped to his back [see map illustration, page 36]. In the chair sat his dying mother, whose last wish was to see again the sweeping jumble of blue mountains from lofty LeConte. Huff climbed all day past rhododendron, fields of summer flowers, groves of red spruce and feathery sprayed balsams. At the summit, his mother looked for the last time at the sun going down behind the faraway Cumberlands.

I'll drive on over Newfound Gap, down the long twisting road that runs through Cherokee Reservation, and then to Lake Junaluska. The eight pages of color that follow are about Junaluska—and the Smokies, too, for they're inseparable.¹ It's said that Chief Junaluska was more than 100 when he died. The words under his picture [next page] were spoken by Armstrong Cornsilk when Junaluska's monument was unveiled near Robbinsville, N.C., in 1910.

Men are wont to speak in whispers in the Big Silence of the Smokies. And atheists are few on such summits as these. I once roamed the Smokies with the late Wiley Oakley, part Cherokee, part natural-born poet and teller of tales, who served as a guide for almost 50 years. He said it does not take a man long to find religion in these misty green silences.

"I've talked to God many times out there on top of Old Smoky," he said. "I've talked to him when I've been lost, which is often. I've talked to him when a storm comes up and the lightning blasts the trees apart, and the thunder rattles in the canyons below. Camped out alone where the tall trees claw at the stars, I've talked to him many times—"

There is something here, says Dr. Kelly Bennett of Bryson City, N.C., "that will never turn loose of your soul once you've felt it. When you get into the great balsam forests you are in a cathedral of nature, and you stand very close to your God."

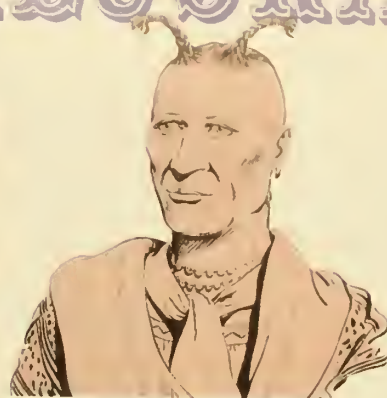
Maybe that's why so many men claim these mountains for their own. And why some like me are prone to write about them—after so long—with something akin to the language of love.

¹ See the color pictorial in the Smokies—Along the Asbury Trail, August, 1958, page 35.—EDITORS.

Eastward Across the Smokies:

The Land of JUNALUSKA

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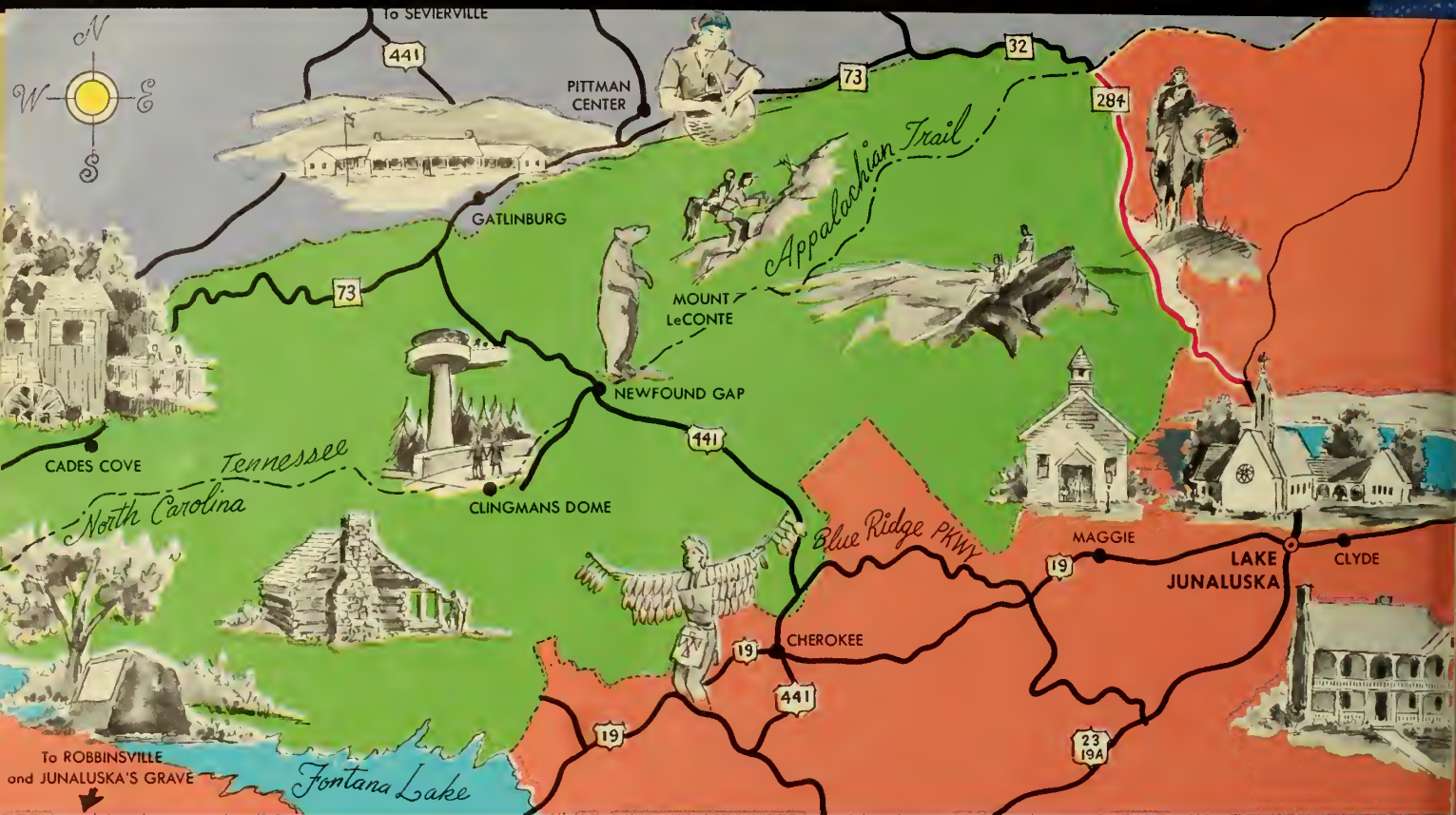
Chief Junaluska: "He was a good man . . . He would ask the hungry man to eat; he would ask the cold one to warm by his fire; he would ask the tired one to rest; and he would give a good place to sleep."

LAKE JUNALUSKA's crystal-clear waters have mirrored the activities of generations of Methodists who have come to this lovely valley in the shadow of the Great Smokies for worship, instruction, inspiration, and recreation. While the hazy, green mountains nearby remain unchanged after millions of years of wind and rain, the scenic valley below—where a golden anniversary of its opening is being observed this year—has undergone many changes.

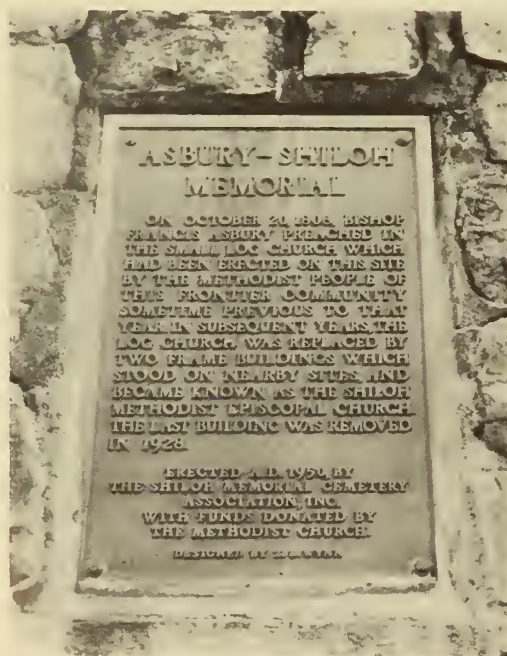
None of Methodism's many assembly grounds is better known than this 2,500-acre tract in western North Carolina, owned today by the Southeastern Jurisdiction. Visitors come from all over the world to blend with mountain scenery "for rest of body and mind, and for mutual culture and inspiration in things of the soul."

Although Junaluska is within easy driving distance of heavily populated areas in the East, its environs have changed little since the Cherokee chief Junaluska—for whom the assembly grounds are named—marched off with his braves to save the day for General Andrew Jackson against the Creeks at Horseshoe Bend in Alabama.

Chimney Rock, southeast of Asheville, N.C., overlooks lovely Lake Lure. This is one of the hundreds of inspiring natural wonders in Junaluska country.



If drawn when Bishop Francis Asbury came this way more than 150 years ago, the map would be blank except for the red line marking an ancient trail followed by the Methodist horseman between North Carolina and Tennessee. Skirting a fringe of the park, Explorer Scouts follow it to earn the Asbury Trail Award [see *In The Smokies*, August, 1958].



An historical marker on Route 441 near Sevierville, Tenn., guides tourists to this plaque in a lonely cemetery where a church once stood.

In a region where Asbury once preached (but 130 years later), Tennessee Methodists built their "Host Church to the Nation" on a steep hillside in the bustling, tourist town of Gatlinburg.





Pittman Center, a Methodist mission founded in 1921, serves the human needs of a freedom-loving, resourceful, once-isolated folk.



Like a beckoning finger, Pittman Center's chapel steeple rises in evening mist near Sevierville, Tenn. For 42 years, hill folk have come to this Christian center where the church provides a school, practice farming, crafts shop, gym, and hospital.

WESTWARD-MOVING PIONEERS

usually bypassed the forbidding, mile-high walls of the Smokies and Blue Ridge. Not so the Anglo-Saxons who sought out the lost coves and mist-shrouded valleys as homesites. Quaint of speech and fiercely independent, they were true mountain folk, lovers of isolation, clear tumbling water, and sheltering trees. Some say they were brothers under the skin to the Cherokees who slipped silently among the balsams and rhododendrons in cloudlands above.

The mountain people were undisturbed by civilization until well into the 20th century. Their earliest contact with the outside world was the lone preacher, the circuit rider, who inevitably found his way to them through the awesome jumble of rock and vegetation that stands between North Carolina and Tennessee today. In the Methodist tradition, the circuit rider would do more than preach the gospel; he would found schools, and training centers, and hospitals to help the mountain people bridge a gap in time which seems to have extended literally from the American Revolution to World War I. Going where people are in the Appalachians was difficult, but go Methodism did to white men and Cherokees alike.

Among subarctic balsams on 6,643-foot Clingmans Dome, highest peak in the Smokies, hikers take a steep, half-mile trail from parking lot to tower.







This basket weaver is at work in an authentic Indian village opened at Cherokee, N.C., to depict life before the white man. She's a descendant of those who fled into mountain fastnesses to escape the "Trail of Tears."

A few old settlers still live in Cades Cove, a high valley inside the National Park, where this Methodist church and cemetery recall other days. Some choose to go to rest at last in this quiet spot beneath the hills.

In Unto These Hills, a drama seen by thousands of summer tourists, Chief Junaluska (in deerskins) saves Andrew Jackson's life. This may not have happened as dramatized, but Junaluska and his Cherokee braves are credited with saving the day for Jackson at Horseshoe Bend.



A native stone church on the reservation, 22 miles west of Junaluska, is center of Methodist work among the Cherokees, first visited by a circuit rider in 1822. By 1830, there were 855 members—and in 1838 two missionaries voluntarily shared the "Trail of Tears."





C. B. Barr, Jr., (right) preaches twice a month in the community church (background) which is part of a frontier-town tourist attraction on Ghost Mountain, near Maggie, N.C.

THE LOST WORLD of misty peaks, virgin forests, and dizzy heights that make up the land of Junaluska still is hardly penetrated by man. The few highways and trails that exist reach out into immense solitudes and breathtaking vistas. Even a few commercial enterprises outside the national park help rather than spoil this natural beauty. Ghost Mountain above Maggie Valley, N.C., for example, provides a frontier town, complete with church, reached by chair lift and incline railway. Three valley churches—two of them Methodist, one Baptist—sponsor services there on Sunday afternoons. “The little white church stands like a sentinel at the end of the street,” proclaims a colorful travel folder, “. . . and the view out of the window behind the pulpit overlooks a world of high, purple mountains, the long, green valley, and a sky as crystal blue as a gem stone . . .” Appropriately, collections go for Christian work in the valley.

“I suppose you could say I have one of the highest appointments in the conference,” says Mr. Barr, who takes this lift to his pulpit atop the 4,600-foot mountain.



LAKE JUNALUSKA, celebrating its golden anniversary, is more than a mere beauty spot. Beyond its lodges, cottages, memorial chapel, institutional buildings, and recreational areas is an idea, a spirit, and worldwide influence. Generations of great preachers have been heard here where many boards and agencies meet for conferences and many programs of the church have been implemented. Ministers and laymen alike have bought—and still may buy—cottage sites amid mountain and forest grandeur.

Housed in the World Methodist Building, American headquarters for the World Methodist Council, are priceless records, paintings, and collections of Methodistica going back to John Wesley and Francis Asbury. The latter already had become a legend in these mountains when Chief Junaluska himself took the Indian's "Trail of Tears" to Oklahoma, only to slip away and return to spend his last days in the Great Smoky Mountains.



Bishop Asbury stopped over or preached at thousands of frontier homes. This one still stands near Clyde, N.C., east of Junaluska.



World Methodist headquarters at Junaluska is the official records depository of more church bodies and organizations than any other place in the world. Here, too, rare and scarce items of great historical interest find safekeeping.



To visiting MYFers, Elmer T. Clark, historian, points out items in his fine collection of Wesleyana.

They will take away many happy memories of summer days at play in Junaluska's center for children.





*"Sweet Night comes on in robes of softest gray 'neath stately Junaluska's misty height;
And on the silent bosom of the lake she meets with rosy Day to make twilight."*

Since Emily Siler wrote these lines a lighted cross has added its reflection to

the lake. Here at the Point, many Methodist-assembly guests gather at dusk to watch

*Cherokee II ply the water, while a panorama of constantly changing highland
weather moods takes place against the lofty backdrop of Mount Junaluska six miles away.*

Why Not Take SEEING Lessons?



*Seeing is more than
believing; it is living.
And since the world
is too big to be taken in
at a glance, we need
to learn the secret
of viewing little things
in an invisible frame.*

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

HELEN KELLER was asked what she thought was the worst calamity that could befall a person. She replied, "To have eyes and fail to see."

I thought of her words the other night when I watched a television program called *The Art of Seeing*, in which the photographer Ernst Haas demonstrated some seeing techniques used by artists. I was all the more impressed because I had arrived at some of these techniques through the trial and error of everyday living and found that they enabled me to see many things I shouldn't have wanted to miss.

It made me wonder why we don't take lessons in seeing as we take lessons in the three Rs or in skiing, piano, or chess. Nothing we do gives us more knowledge or pleasure in life than seeing, and lessons to improve it are easy and immediately rewarding. Just reminding yourself to see more makes you more alert. There are other devices, almost as simple, which make the world more visible and enable you to grasp more of its beauty and excitement. One of these is looking at the world through an invisible frame.

The world is too big to take in all at once. To make sense and beauty of it we have to look at it selectively, much as a photographer does when he peers at it through his viewfinder. In short, we have to frame it.

I had a striking demonstration of this recently when I visited Ernst Haas at his studio and looked at the pictures on his walls. They in-

cluded strikingly dramatic forms, patterns, compositions found in the most commonplace subjects. Some of his greatest shots have been taken while walking at random through the streets of New York. I've walked through these same streets without seeing anything of particular interest. Why did I miss so much that seemed obvious to Haas?

"No matter where you go, you are surrounded by pictures," Haas told me. "But to recognize them you have to put a frame around them. Look!" Haas crumpled a large sheet of wrapping paper and threw it to the floor. I saw only a formless mass. But when Haas moved a frame over it—a piece of black cardboard with a rectangular opening—I began to see interesting patterns of light and shade which had escaped me before.

The same thing happened when we stepped into the drab, city street outside the studio. At first, I saw nothing of interest. But when I used the cardboard frame, pictures seemed to leap into the rectangular opening. A dribble of paint on the pavement made a striking picture of running figures. I framed another picture resembling an ancient cave drawing on the wall of an old building where children had been busy with chalk.

"Look!" Haas said. "Quick!" and nodded toward an elderly couple climbing the steps of an old brownstone house. They paused for a moment to look at a young couple swinging by hand in hand. It was as if the elderly couple were gazing at an image of themselves 40 years

ago. It made a picture of unusual force and poignancy which I saw only because I brought the two couples together within a frame, this time an imaginary one.

"Too bad you didn't bring your camera," I told Haas.

"What do you mean?" he said, pointing to his head. "The picture is right here." Except for serious projects, I learned, Haas seldom carries a camera. Instead he takes "mental snapshots."

THE FRAME through which you take your mental snapshots can be scaled to any size you like. Sometimes it's fun to deliberately "see small." Did you ever, for example, take the trouble to peer deep inside an Easter lily? Or notice the design of the seeds in the banana you slice over your morning cornflakes? Or watch the ripple patterns on the surface of your coffee as a drop falls from the spoon? Or observe the star burst in the center of wet ice cubes?

William Blake wasn't exaggerating when he said it was possible "to see a world in a grain of sand and a heaven in a wild flower."

There's a simple way to help you see small. Carry a pocket magnifying glass. I discovered this last summer on a country walk with Dr. Robert M. MacIver, distinguished sociologist, who used his pocket glass to find unsuspected design, form, and color in leaves, pebbles, and shells, in mushrooms, feathers, and seeds. As he remarked, the glass "greatly extends the scenery." At one point, our walk led to a beach where, at Dr. MacIver's direction, I picked up a handful of wet sand and looked at it through the glass. I saw something I'd never noticed before: the grains never touched one another. Each grain of sand was covered with a thin membrane of water. Dr. MacIver explained, "That's why sand never changes and is never ground into powder no matter how long it's pounded by the waves."

"Genius," said William James, "is little more than the faculty of perceiving in an unhabitual way."

Too often we see only what we expect to see—and miss what is

really there. Till fairly recently in history, people looked at the earth and found it flat—all but a few oddballs who noticed that ships rise top first above the bulge of the earth as they approach.

We look at our reflection in a mirror every day. We take it for granted in a close-up view that face and mirror image are the same size. But put a dab of soap on your finger and outline your face in the glass. You will find that the oval you have drawn is only half the actual size of your face. Step back as far as you like and look again. The mirror image of your face will still fill the oval you have drawn.

If you were painting trees, what color would you make the trunks? Nine out of 10 people would make them brown or black. Those are the conventional colors. In reality, tree trunks are just about every color except brown or black.

"I don't try to teach my students to draw and model," said the painter Maurice Sterne. "Anyone can be taught to do such things. I try to teach them to see. It is by cultivating not technique, but vision, that art escapes from conventional channels."

One reason why Sherlock Holmes delights us is that he sharpens our awareness of the significant detail. He notices a badly cleaned pair of boots Dr. Watson is wearing and deduces that his friend has been walking

in the country and has a very careless scullery maid. He tells a man's height by the length of his stride. Even without looking at footprints, he knows that the killer who wrote a word on the wall near his victim must be over six feet tall because the word is six feet from the floor—and "when a man writes on a wall his instinct leads him to write about the level of his own eyes."

Sherlock Holmes has a modern counterpart in Winston Churchill who was equally proud of his ability to spot the significant detail. On a wartime inspection tour of the British Naval Base at Scapa Flow, the prime minister kept looking at a dummy battleship and a dummy aircraft carrier moored in the harbor to deceive German bombers. Suddenly he turned to his bodyguard and said: "I know what's wrong with those dummies. There are no seagulls around them. That would be noticed immediately by enemy planes." He gave orders for food to be thrown from the dummies to attract gulls.

THE trained observer has another simple technique which helps him see more sharply and retain what he sees. It's the double take. He forms a first impression and then he checks this impression by looking again. Try it sometime. You'll be surprised how much more you see on the second glance. The double take is also an excellent way to retain what you see in your memory. The other day I checked my coat in a busy restaurant where the checkroom girl depended on memory. When I asked her how she knew what belonged to whom she said: "I look at everybody twice. Without that second look, I'd be lost."

Try this exercise. Glance quickly at a dollar bill. Close your eyes and try to visualize it. Many of the details will be blurred. Now give it a second look and again close your eyes and try to visualize it. Do you notice how much more sharply you see the details?

Sometimes just a simple reminder to yourself of what to look for will bring to your attention details you might otherwise miss. Take color, for example. Most of

*As the Spanish
proverb says.*

**"He who would bring home
the wealth of the Indies, must
carry the wealth of the Indies
with him," so it is in traveling,
a man must carry knowledge
with him if he would bring
home knowledge.**

—Samuel Johnson

Seeing with a camera..

LEARNING TO SEE has a familiar but special meaning for the tens of thousands of Methodists who put camera and film at the top of the packing list for vacation travel. Seven times in as many years, you readers have provided pictures for *Together's* annual Photo Invitational pictorials which have helped others see beauty and significance in things often looked at but not really seen. For the *Beauty of the Earth*, the invitational pictorial to be published in September, is the latest example. But even before it appears, the editors of *Together* invite your participation in the upcoming invitational. Its theme will be the beloved hymn, *This Is My Father's World* (Number 72 in *The Methodist Hymnal*). In its three verses you're sure to find many challenges for your camera—for example, *The morning light, the lily white, Declare their Maker's praise. . . .* Can you capture that imagery on color film? Deadline for submissions is not until February 1, 1964, so there's plenty of time to exercise your camera—and your imagination. Subsequent announcements will give full details, or write now to:

Together Photo Editor
Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois

us, when we go about our work or walk along the street, are almost completely oblivious of colors. But stop a moment and ask yourself, "How many reds, or greens, or yellows can I see right now?" Immediately these colors will leap to your attention, even on the drabest city streets. The same is true of form and movement.

CARL VAN DOREN, summering in Connecticut, told of visiting a neighbor, Matthew Bradford, a retired Yankee farmer, half blind, living alone in a secluded cabin on a wooded hillside.

"Do you see that cloud-shadow coming toward us?" Bradford asked. "If you watch you will see

how they keep the valley always changing. Some days they are very leisurely. Today they go like the wind. They are my moving pictures."

"As I looked," said Van Doren, "another shadow broke over the ridge of hills, rolled down the long slope, turned the row of maples a darker green, swept solidly across the swamp and meadow, and went by us with what I almost thought was a swish. I half caught my breath. Similar shadows must have been breaking over us all afternoon, and I had not noted them. A quiet old man who couldn't see small objects unless they were nearly under hand saw so much that he had for me added a new spectacle to nature."

Learning to see means that you never have to be bored. You can take as your motto, "Nothing never happens." Something interesting is always going on—if you take the trouble to look.

You see more vividly when you use all your senses, touch, smell, taste, and hearing. Last fall on a lookout point in the Great Smoky Mountains, my enjoyment of the view was greatly enhanced when I reached out in my imagination to brush my hand over the green slopes. It gave me the "feel" of this lovely mountain country.

Every sense has something to contribute to vision. If we didn't "see" with our fingertips, a ball would be indistinguishable from a flat disk. A rose without the remembered scent would not be as sweet to look at. Part of the beauty of a violin lies in the power of the shape to evoke a mellow tone. Greta Garbo is even more pleasing to look at in the old movie when you hear her voice.

THE wonderful power of seeing the world in his own unique way is what gives the artist his style. It's the result of what Ernst Haas calls "dreaming with your eyes open." The phrase sums up one of the most rewarding seeing lessons of all.

"Oh look, Mummy, there's a rainbow in the gutter," a little girl tells her mother.

"That's no rainbow, silly," her mother corrects her, "that's a dirty oil slick."

This little incident, reported in a University of Chicago study of creativity, illustrates one reason why children often see beauty that escapes adults. The reason is that they still "dream with their eyes open."

All of us possess this ability. But in growing up we usually suppress it out of fear of being thought too different. One of the most entertaining seeing experiences you can have as an adult is to occasionally lay aside these fears and dream or day dream with your eyes open.

There's the old maxim, "Seeing is believing." It is much more than that. *Seeing is living.* The more vividly you learn to see, the more alive you are.



What to Do About Harry

By ORLAN & WINI JONES

AT FIRST, we hardly realized he was around—just another of the “regulars” at our house. But then what had seemed a trivial matter suddenly became a major problem.

My husband and I began looking at each other with similarly knit brows. The question was: What to do about Harry?

Harry, you see, is only a boy of 10, but he never has to go home. And his pockets always jingle with money for movies. We know this because Harry doesn't like to go to the movies alone; he sends one of our four boys—ages 7 to 14—to negotiate for cash to go with him.

Harry's appetite is prodigious. We know this because, at mealtimes, he courteously dispatches one of our brood to inquire if he may eat with us. If no invitation is forthcoming, Harry will sit in the living room while we eat, wearing the look of a martyr. Naturally, we all feel like parsimonious heels.

Harry is an expert on outdoor life, and frequently sparks the idea for a cook out—with *our* potatoes and *our* hot dogs. Or, he's the genius behind the building of a tree house—with boards from *our* garage door and tools from *our* chest.

It's not that Harry's parents don't care about him. They often call to ask if he's with us and, when told he is, reply, “Oh, good! We just wanted to know where he was.”

What to do about this family infiltration soon became a principal topic of conversation with us. It had reached the point where we were just *wild* about Harry!

But that was before we understood that Harry is not an individual, but a breed, and it was also before the bouncing incident took place.

We are fortunate enough to have a large, old-fashioned house which insulates us from many things which would impair our sanity in a smaller

dwelling. It also aids our general theory of child rearing, which is based on “scientific neglect.” This seems to work as well with children as it does with ivy.

It also explains how the sleeping-out project—later referred to as Operation Bounce—got so far advanced before we found out about it. As a matter of fact, Harry had gone home for his sleeping bag before we learned that there was to be a slumber party in the rickety lean-to the boys had constructed against one side of the garage.

The boys' father exploded first.

“Now just a minute!” he roared. “It's still too cold at night for that. Besides, it rained today and only two of you have sleeping bags!”

“But we'll use a waterproof ground cloth like in the Scouts, Dad,” protested one son. “And we promised Harry.”

Reaching a stalemate in negotiations, we proposed a brilliant compromise. They would sleep on our side porch, and we would provide our double roll-away bed, a day bed, a cot, and a bedtime story.

Just before the story, however, as we were scrounging for enough pillows to rest the little heads, we returned to the porch to find most of the children in mid-air as they bounded and rebounded on the roll-away bed.

After another mild explosion, we explained that the bed couldn't stand such treatment, and that if it continued the slumber party would not.

Temporarily subdued, the young acrobats trailed into the living room for the story and for prayers, which seemed unfamiliar to Harry, yet appeared to please him.

Shortly, we went to bed, anticipating that extra half-hour of Sunday-morning sleep and pleased with the way we had handled the situation.

At dawn, we were awakened by

laughter and squealing, plus an ominous thumping which shook the house from top to bottom.

Rushing down the stairs, we saw all five boys aloft again—only this time they were sailing much higher. The mattress and framework of the bed clearly had been damaged beyond repair.

The master of the house, freezing them with a you-have-betrayed-my-confidence-in-you look, summoned the whole crew into the living room and gave them what-for. He concluded his harangue by pointing a finger at a tousled 10-year-old:

“And this goes for you, too, Harry!”

Somewhat later, as the boys joined us for breakfast, we realized we had found the answer to what to do about Harry. It was a meek youngster who slid behind a big glass of orange juice and observed our family rules. And it was a new Harry who paused on his way out our front door to ask if he might come again.

We said yes, because . . . well, now that we knew what to do about Harry, we liked him.

There are Harrys at all age levels. What parent hasn't been harried by a Harry? What neighborhood is complete without one?

None, we imagine. But for any household presently in the throes of dealing with one, we offer five simple rules wrung from our experience:

Harry is not a guest. He must play by the rules of the house.

Invite him to the table if you like, but otherwise send him home at mealtime.

Tell him when he may arrive in the morning and when he must leave in the evening.

In dealing with his parents, be forthright instead of overly polite.

Let him know you like him, because—once you know what to do about Harry—he's not a bad sort.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

JULY 7

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding.
—Isaiah 40:28 (KJV)

LIKE most of the prophets, most of the time, Isaiah mingled his own preachments with those of God, spoken through him. Olden prophets must have done this deliberately if only to imply divine sanction to utterances which they felt inspired to make and to interpretations which they felt obligated to offer.

Modern minister-prophets do the same, although usually being wary of imputing to God (save by direct Bible quotation) their own contentions of truth.

Isaiah begins his 40th chapter with a direct quotation, "Comfort ye my people, saith your God," but after a time Isaiah patently is preaching for himself, and apparently it is Isaiah who cries out in verse 28:

"Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God . . . fainteth not? There is no searching of his understanding."

By transliteration from the Hebrew, this could read: "Have you not heard that the everlasting God never flees away from man in weariness? There is no known limitation, no exact fixation, no barrier, to his understanding."

A few lines previously, Isaiah had elaborated his "Comfort ye" theme by assuring that "the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

Long later, the Apostle Paul would write to some groping Corinth Christians: "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease: whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." Such things, mused Paul, are imperfect and "in part," and however important they may seem by themselves, they will subside into relative unimportance "when that which is perfect is come."

"Reassure my people," God directed Isaiah—and us today. And what



G. Hurst Paul
Seattle, Wash.



Richard M. Freeman
Texas City, Texas



John F. Bell
Erick, Okla.



J. Hillman Coffee
Camden, N.J.

wondrous comfort it truly is to know that God's understanding of our human perplexities really is unlimited and everlasting! Gloriously, "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," as Isaiah concludes.

Prayer: Eternal and understanding God, we try to believe; help thou our unbelief. We seek to know and trust, but we are weak and faltering and unsure. Grant us assuredly the comfort of knowing thy understanding of us, and thy pity upon our own fainting and our inconstant searching. Amen.

—G. HURST PAUL

JULY 14

What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou dost care for him? Yet thou hast made him little less than God, and dost crown him with glory and honor.—Psalms 8:4-5

WE ARE proud of the fact that we human beings differ from all else in creation in that we are mindful of ourselves. We transcend the things, the events, and the laws around us and look at them objectively even as they are happening to us. Though we are dwarfed by the vastness of space, still it is we who comprehend space and are aware of ourselves within it.

This self-knowledge is one of two gifts God has given us. It produces comfort, assurance of worth, and stability within us. It is very important.

The other gift of God is more important. God commands us to know

that, while we are mindful of ourselves, he is mindful of us. We can know his awareness and care of us through the living mind of Christ.

Here is supreme assurance! Here is total stability! The Source of Life, the Judge of the worthiness of individual lives is intimately aware of us. His mindfulness of us revealed in Jesus is the occasion for joyous deliverance from fears of being useless, being unloved, and being lonely.

No one, nothing, can whip, deny, or swamp us with frustration: God is mindful of man. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is mindful of each of us: "He calls us by name, and leads us out."

Prayer: O, Father, of whom we know in truth and whose true knowledge of us is gained by being in us, we confess our desertion of thee and proclaim that thou hast found us. Amen.

—RICHARD M. FREEMAN

JULY 21

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—Isaiah 53:6

I POINTED to the rough-looking stone on my desk under which was printed the phrase, "The Stone—he who is without sin first cast it." I had picked it up one day outside the walls of a prison in Granite, Okla., as a memento of an occasion when I had

counseled with a young inmate there.

Across my desk a couple sat uneasily. Anxiety and insecurity were written deep into the tense furrows of their brows.

I had counseled with them more than an hour. Though tense, it had been a particularly quiet counseling period, for our conversation had been in the sign language—my counselees were deaf.

The young lady had made a serious mistake which now threatened to destroy their chance at married happiness. The stone on my desk served its purpose well as I explained that the one who had first uttered those words was He whose body had been bruised unjustly with the cruel whip and spear, whose hands were fastened by crude nails that tore his flesh, whose brow dripped with crimson from a thorny crown. It was he who had taken upon himself the guilt and stain of sin of all mankind and had died with them. And she who had gone out from his presence in her own willfulness could be forgiven.

With a suddenness, she stood facing her husband. Tears running down her cheeks, she rubbed the palm and fingers of her left hand with the fingers of her right, making the sign for "please forgive me" and then fell into his open arms.

Prayer: Our heavenly Father, who hast provided the way of our escape through the offering of thine only son, Jesus, forgive also us who have sometimes gone astray by seeking earthly pleasures that do not last, and bring us anew into the fullness of thy divine will. In the name of him who was called "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." Amen.

—JOHN F. BELL

JULY 28

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Matthew 22:37-39 (KJV)

IN ECUADOR, a young American missionary noticed an attractive display window. Upon entering the small bookstore, the missionary found the authors of the books were Stalin, Lenin, and other Russian writers.

She asked the clerk if this were a communist store. Enthusiastically the clerk replied in Spanish, "Yes, and I am a communist with all my heart." At once, two young university students began mechanically to spiel forth the communist line. The enthusiasm and the zeal of the clerk and the students

give us one answer to communist success.

We Christians need to announce with zeal, "I love the Lord my God with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my mind." Until we do this, the battle for Christianity will be lost.

Besides enthusiastic zeal, we need compassion for our fellowman, for the Scripture tells us the second commandment is as important as the first: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." There is no separation between our love for God and our love for mankind; true love of God brings true love for others. Communism is routing Christianity because many followers of Christ cannot say, "Yes, I am a Christian with all my heart."

These words that I am saying are

not new words, nor are these thoughts that we have not recognized. The only thing that must be considered is what we are doing about these commandments.

And what are we doing to make our enthusiasm, zeal, and compassion as penetrating upon the minds and lives of the peoples of our world as Christ did? Let us permit Christ to win the victory through our love for God and for our neighbor.

Prayer: Dear heavenly Father, awaken us by the presence of thy Holy Spirit that there might be no doubt in the minds of those who see us that we love thee. By this love, enable us to help others have faith in thee. In Christ's name. Amen.

—J. HILLMAN COFFEE

DELIVER US FROM *Tranquillity*

+ Deliver us from tranquillity, Lord! We are courted by the Cult of the Relaxed, and sometimes we seek from religion a better sleeping pill, a better tranquilizer. But thy way is the way of challenge, and we would have no other.

+ We ask not for unconsciousness but for refreshment. We ask to be stirred up, that the strength within us may be amplified for good power for living. If we must appear foolish in order to do thy will, give us grace to be fools for Christ's sake. If we have to stand against friend or family for the cause of righteousness, then help us to stand, Lord. Wake us up and help us to stand. Amen.

—ROBERT J. GISLER



Kansas City Suburbanites spend a year as...

*Pastor Taylor
shows church area
on city map.*

Missionaries

INDEPENDENCE AVENUE Methodist Church of Kansas City, Mo., has a proud past. Built in 1889 in what was the prospering northeast section of the city, it became Methodism's prestige church of the early 1900s, and membership reached 1,200.

Today, like many an inner-city church, Independence Avenue is the victim of urban decay—and suburban sprawl. Though outside it still lifts a proud steeple above a main Kansas City thoroughfare, inside the plaster needs patching, walls need paint. Relentlessly, for almost as long as any member can recall, each year has brought a decrease in membership, loss of lay leadership, and dwindling resources as families have moved from the inner city to flourishing suburbs. Few of the neighborhood's new residents, of diverse cultural, racial, and economic backgrounds, have found their way into church membership.

But for more than a year now, things have been happening at Independence Avenue—small things, perhaps, when viewed against the shadow of vast surrounding challenge—but things which spark hope among the 208 remaining members that their church has a future as vital to Kansas City as its past.

Two years ago, the congregation welcomed Thurston C. Taylor as its new pastor. Surveying the church's problems, he conceived a plan. In spite of change, Mr. Taylor insisted, Methodism had an important witness to bring to the city and its crowding thousands of new citizens. Admittedly, the inner-city church was weak. But in the suburbs, churches were strong. Somewhere, he felt sure, there was a concerned congregation which would share its strength.

In conversations with suburban pastors, Mr. Taylor told his church's need for families with time, talent,

*Kneeling with other choir members, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris
(far right) prepare to receive Communion in Independence Avenue Church.
The cherry-paneled sanctuary reflects affluence of former congregations.*



to the Inner City

and enthusiasm. From Asbury Church in Prairie Village, Kans., came an invitation for Mr. Taylor to speak, and from that meeting evolved the question: "Why couldn't Asbury 'lend' a few families for a year's membership in the city?" Urged by their pastor, the Rev. Alfred D. Hager, four families accepted the challenge. A "service of consecration for lay missionary families" followed.

Three families, pictured on these pages, went to Independence Avenue Church: Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris, Mark, and Melinda; Mr. and Mrs. John Neil, Joanne, Reita, and Betty Lou; Mr. and Mrs. Wes Shrum, Kem, and Wesley, Jr. The fourth family, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Moorehead, David, and Deborah, took their place at Troost Avenue Methodist Church, which is linked to Independence Avenue in the co-operative Kansas City Urban Church Project.

In a project to beautify the city parsonage's yard, Kathryn Shrum and the boys of her class planted tulip bulbs. Most church-school children live in the neighborhood.



After a full morning of activity, Mr. and Mrs. Wes Shrum leave the Independence Avenue Church for home. Prairie Village is 15 miles away.

Teaming up with regular members, John Neil and Wes Shrum help repair the church kitchen.





The building is old and in need of repairs, but the suburbanites found advantages in more space, smaller classes, more time for each pupil.

EVEN FOR 1,870-member Asbury Church, transfer of four leading families meant significant sacrifice. Among the "missionaries" were church-school teachers, a commission chairman, the official-board vice-chairman, a scoutmaster, and Woman's Society leaders.

At Independence Avenue and Troost Avenue, they assumed similar responsibilities. Along with talent and vigor, they brought their regular pledges of financial support and, perhaps more important, the stability in their faithful participation in worship and church events. They did not, by any means, take over, but played supporting roles to permanent leaders of the inner-city churches.

No one expected miracles to result from the four families' year in the city—and there has been none. But while Independence Avenue and Troost Avenue Churches still are struggling, it is with a new awareness that fellow Christians are concerned about Methodism's witness to the inner city.

Early this summer, the four families returned to Asbury Church. Though confessing some disappointments, all enthusiastically endorsed continuation of the program, and Pastor Hager agreed to seek other families to take part next year. A hearty welcome awaits them downtown, thanks to the warm relationship established by the first-year pioneers.



Taking off her hat, Marilyn Morris joins choir rehearsal before church. Of her family's participation in their new church, Mrs. Morris said: "We have been very well received. I'm sure it is sincere."



Attending an official-board meeting as an interested observer, Wes Shrum shares a hymnal with Fred Bond, a 10-year member of the church.



Helping with a religious census of the area around the church, the Neils led Pastor Taylor to an alcoholic wanting help to "dry up."

Besides regular participation in Sunday-morning worship and church school, the missionary families made extra trips to the church at other times for special events such as this family-night supper.



Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

ARE DATES a problem for you? They are for most teen-agers. Many young persons want to have dates before their parents are willing to let them. Often those who date feel shy. They don't know what to talk about, nor how to behave. And some are too brazen. Have you noticed?

As I see it, dates are an important part of growing up. When you're old enough and responsible enough, you should begin to go out with members of the opposite sex. You need to learn how to judge them, how to separate the fine and sincere ones from the phonies.

Then, when the time comes, you will be able to pick the right mate. Many of the persons who rush pell-mell into bad marriages have not had dates before, and have not learned the lessons which would prevent such mistakes.

When should you start dating? There is no one time for everyone. It depends partly on you and partly on the standards of your home and neighborhood. In some areas, girls and boys from good homes start pairing off very early; in others, not until they are well along in senior high school. Don't be the first in your group to date, and don't be the last, if you can help it. When you begin, have double dates with two couples going out together. You'll be less self-conscious that way and have more fun.

Whom should you date? Responsible young persons who are fun to be around. Usually it is best for Protestants to date Protestants, Catholics to date Catholics.

It is best not to go steady at first. Date different persons, take your time about settling down to one person. When you do go steady, try not to get serious. Avoid necking. You are not yet ready for adult love.

Talk with your parents before your dates. They should know and approve the person you are going with. Be sure to follow the rules they set up regarding frequency of dates, hours for returning home, and so on. If you prove to them that you can be responsible and trustworthy, they will extend your freedom. But if you act irresponsibly, they will clamp down, of course. Good luck!

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I am a boy, 17. I graduated this June. I want to go to the state university, but my parents will not let me. They will pay my way if I attend a local college next year and agree to live at home. I think they don't trust me. What should I do?—J.C. I hope you will accept their offer and attend the local college, for a year at least. They do not distrust you; rather, they want you to move by gradual steps from boyhood to adulthood. In big state universities each fall, hundreds of freshmen flounder around and fail. Many of them cannot manage their newfound freedom and get into trouble. They would be better off following the plan your parents suggest. Did you know that students who attend local colleges for their first two years, and then transfer to universities,

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tend to have better grade averages at graduation than those who attend the big schools for the full four years?

Would God allow me a few dates before I graduate from high school? I am a girl of 14. My mother says when I'm 15, I can go to a few school dances and parties. My father thinks I shouldn't. If I am to go to college, I'll have to win a scholarship. Daddy is afraid that even one date will interfere with my studying. Is he right, or is my mother?—M.J. Some girls have too many dates. Their social life does interfere with their scholarship. However, there are many conscientious girls who date and still maintain high grades. Many college scholarships are



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz, © 1963 by Warner Press, Inc.

"But you don't understand. I'm like Samson. . . . Take away my sideburns, man, and I'm nothing!"

awarded partly on the basis of the social and extracurricular activities of the applicants. Your chance for winning one might be improved if you take part in student affairs.



I'm a 15-year-old girl. I want to have dates, but my dad says I'm too young. He wants me to wait until 18. I'll never have a date if I have to wait that long! Do you think he's being fair?—A.R. If you are trustworthy in other matters, perhaps you can persuade your father to let you go out with boys under these circumstances: 1. Be sure he knows your friends. 2. Don't go out with boys very much older than you are. 3. Make sure your father knows where you are going every time and the others who will be there. 4. Tell your parents when you expect to be home, then keep your word. Good luck!



I am a Methodist girl, 17, in love with a Roman Catholic boy, 18. We would marry soon if it were not for our religious differences. I know that some Protestant girls marry Catholic boys and have happy homes. Yet I cannot see that it is fair for his church to require me to be married by a priest and to agree to raise my children as Catholics. If I refuse, his priest says our marriage cannot be recognized by the church. Why is the Roman Catholic church so obstinate about this?—L.C. A basic belief in the Roman church is that it is the only true church, the only authorized interpreter of Christianity. It refuses to recognize interfaith marriages because it is thought this would deny its basic tenet. I have discussed interfaith marriages with many young couples. I always warn them to go slow and to be careful. Such marriages start with a built-in problem. As a rule, happier and better marriages result when Protestants marry Protestants and Roman Catholics marry Roman Catholics. Besides, you are quite young to be thinking of marriage.



Teens—why huddle with your troubles? It's better to share them—confidentially—with one who understands teen-age muddles. Write Dr. Barbour, c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill., for friendly help.



Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church



At our request, Bishop Nall this month pays tribute to his long-time friend and former associate, Roy L. Smith, who died April 20 [see page 4]. Dr. Smith, whose well-known Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency [see page 13] have been a feature in Methodist periodicals for many years, preceded Bishop Nall as editor of CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.—EDITORS.

THE ONLY MAN I have ever known who could write and speak with equal skill and force, so his voice seemed to echo from a page of type and the packed style of his written words was the skeleton of every sentence he uttered, was Roy L. Smith. And this ambidexterity could be seen in all he said, in all he did, and in all he was.

Dr. Smith was both pastor and preacher. He was never happier than when he stood in the pulpit, playing on the minds and the hearts of a great crowd. (*Capturing Crowds* was the title of one of his books.)

Yet he was equally happy when counseling with someone whose personality he respected—and that was anybody. His advice to reporters whom he, as editor, sent on assignments was: "Talk with janitors, taxi drivers, newsboys, bellhops, not merely the 'big' people." He set up his own typewriter in countless hotel rooms and airports around the world.

Dr. Smith was both writer and editor, between whom there is often a wide gulf. He could help a person express himself by changing a word here, "trimming out some fat" there, or, more probably, by adding an illustration to make it "come alive." He hated dullness in all its forms, and he could save a man from himself. He knew how to plan a publication's menu so that it offered both taste and nourishment.

He was both liberal and conservative, courageous and cautious. He never allowed faddists to lure him into a stance that he could not support by facts, and yet he did not wait, paralyzed in immobility, until all the slow-footed evidence was in. His wise handling of controversial issues in ticklish times was an illustration.

He was scrupulously honest, even in his appraisal of himself. He had piety without pomposity, and pity without sentimentality.

In time, he lived in eternity, which is another way of saying that he lives yonder just as he did here—because he is a Christian.



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

It is altogether appropriate that Bishop Kennedy this month departs from his usual path to pay tribute to his late colleague. California-born G. Bromley Oxnam, as was noted briefly on page 4 of the May TOGETHER, died in New York City on March 12.—EDs.

CHRISTIANS do not believe in the indispensable man, for their faith is centered in God. But I do not think it is a heresy to believe in irreplaceable men, and there is a sense in which every man falls into this category. Now and then there appears on the scene a man so great that when he dies, it seems as if we shall never be able to find one man or 10 or 100 to do for the world what he has done. Such a man was G. Bromley Oxnam.

I have been wondering how I could speak my testimony of this magnificent American and great bishop of The Methodist Church, and I decided that in this column I can reach more of the "people called Methodists" than through any other channel.

On the morning after Bishop Oxnam died, Bishop James C. Baker telephoned me and said, "I called so we could weep together over Bromley." When I confessed that I had been weeping, he told me that his sorrow was so deep he simply had to talk to somebody who would share it. We helped each other, I think, and as we talked together we realized what a privilege it had been to know this man.

Bishop Oxnam was one of the three or four great men I have known in my life. A church that can produce such a leader ought to be full of great hope for the future.

He was not an easy man to know for, like John Wesley, he could hardly ever fold his legs for just a visit. Whenever I think of St. Paul's "One thing I do," I think of this man's single-minded devotion to the causes of the Christian church. This did not leave him any extra time for the

friendly, gentle gossiping about work and men so apparent whenever two or three Methodist preachers gather together.

The first time I met Bromley Oxnam was at a conference when I was asked to speak for 10 minutes on some phase of the ministry. He was presiding, and the last thing he whispered to me was, "Remember the time."

At my first meeting of the Council of Bishops in 1948, he spoke to us about the use of files, and I was overwhelmed. He had a form for every activity which he made sure was filled out so that he knew exactly where he was at any moment and where he ought to be next. He had the kind of mind that could use all these records easily and, for him, it was a means of never wasting time. It never worked that way for me and I envied a man who knew how to use proper office procedure for setting him free. It was this ability never to waste a moment that made him the fulfillment of John Wesley's ideal and enabled him to do 10 men's work.

Filled with impatience for meaningless and boring activity, Bishop Oxnam would nevertheless spend hours in committees working on reports. He never shunned this responsibility as some of us do, and I have thought it was a minor miracle that a man so impatient could show such pa-

tience under trying circumstances. Whenever he accepted a responsibility, he took it on completely and was never above the hewing of wood and the drawing of water.

For many years he was the secretary of the Council of Bishops, and I have never known such an efficient one. We had our agenda properly before us, and all the issues which were to be faced were brought to us in sharp and concise form. I always had the feeling that with him as secretary, we could never lose ourselves in useless meandering but would always face the real questions.

Bromley Oxnam was by far the best-known American Protestant churchman around the world. I went with the Sherwood Eddy Seminar in 1950 and we called on the archbishop of Canterbury for tea. When he learned that I was a colleague of Bishop Oxnam, he took me to a corner of the room and for 10 minutes or so we talked mostly about him. Dr. Geoffrey Fisher had a great admiration for this Methodist bishop.

Some time later, I was in Germany on a preaching mission for the Air Force. I arranged to be invited to call on Dr. Martin Niemöller in Wiesbaden, and I had a delightful 40 minutes with him. I remember he told me that if he were not a minister in his own communion, he would prefer to be a Methodist. This pleased me, of course, and I asked him why he felt that way. He replied, "Because of Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam." Then he went on to describe his own admiration for this man and his own respect for the church that produced him.

When McCarthyism was riding high in this country and there seemed to be no end to it, many an American wondered if at long last we had come to the end of the democratic road. Like a snake following its own tail, we seemed bent on destroying ourselves. Those of us who traveled



Bishop Oxnam (1891-1963) became a bishop in 1936, before Unification.

abroad knew that American freedom was at an all-time low in the eyes of our friends in other countries.

Then it was that Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam demanded the right to testify before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. In a long, long day of answering questions, he showed the flimsy kind of evidence the committee was using. We saw to our shame a government committee using rumors, gossip, and lies to destroy good men and to spread scandal. That was the turning point, for from then on McCarthyism was a lost cause, and we were brought back to sanity.

When the news of Bishop Oxnam's death reached me, I thought of him as a martyr who had given his life for freedom. When he stood before the nation and proclaimed, *I Protest*, he became another Martin Luther restoring our heritage and reforming our betrayal.

In 1957, Mrs. Kennedy and I had the great privilege of going around the world with Bishop and Mrs. Oxnam. We met in Japan for a chaplains' conference and then began the circle of the globe. For 30 days we were together, and it was a privilege beyond description. The Oxnams liked to keep on the move and so did we. They were not only always on time but always just a little early, which is both extremely unusual and very pleasant.

I had an insight into the tremendous nervous energy of this man, and his drive was something to behold. The doors of political and religious leaders were open to us because of his prominence. I doubt that any man ever had the opportunity of more significant interviews than I had during that period.

On the long plane hops and sometimes in automobiles, there was an opportunity for conversation about life and religion, about man and God. He was the kind of person who never lost his greatness for me even when we were together constantly. You will agree, I think, that when people travel together they soon discover the worst about each other as well as the best.

One of the secrets of Bishop Oxnam's strength was the calm loveliness of Mrs. Oxnam. He never would have been what he was without her, and their mutual devotion was a very great inspiration to us.

When the history of this period is written, his name will appear in even more shining splendor than now. I thank God for the privilege of having known him, and I am forever grateful for his friendship.

There were some things I wanted to talk to him about at the next meeting of the Council of Bishops, but as Bishop Francis McConnell said after Bishop Edwin H. Hughes' death, they can wait for awhile.



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Looks at NEW Books

The monster is a diving saucer—the man, Capt. Cousteau, author of The Living Sea.

NOBODY who has read *The Fire Next Time* (Dial, \$3.50) can say again he does not understand the modern American Negro. For **James Baldwin**, in sharing the depths of his own mind and heart, has written of all the people of his race.

Baldwin is a brilliant writer, and one of the most fascinating parts of his book is his record of a meeting with Black Muslim leader Elijah Muhammad in Elijah's Chicago mansion.

He is a thoughtful writer, objective in his analysis and rejection of the Muslims' hatred of "white devils." And he is a powerful writer, with the sensitivity of a poet and the passion of a prophet.

He is not convinced that white people, generally, can be taken as models of how to live: "I am far from convinced that being released from the African witch doctor was worthwhile if I am now—in order to support the moral contradictions and the spiritual aridity of my life—expected to become dependent on the American psychiatrist." Rather, he says, the white man is in sore need of new standards. The price of this liberation is the liberation of the blacks.

"If we—and now I mean the relatively conscious whites and the relatively conscious blacks, who must, like lovers, insist on, or create, the consciousness of the others—do not falter in our duty now, we may be able, handful that we are, to end the racial nightmare, and achieve our country, and change the history of the world. If we do not now dare every-

thing," he concludes, "the fulfillment of that prophecy, re-created from the Bible in song by a slave, is upon us: *God gave Noah the rainbow sign, No more water, the fire next time!*"

"The truth is this—one one becomes a saint suddenly."

Thus Bishop **Hazen G. Werner** begins a book that deplores the fallout of materialism as the spiritual apathy of our day.

The bishop of the Ohio Area of The Methodist Church is a New Englander, and the sermons from which *No Saints Suddenly* (Abingdon, \$2.50) are drawn are as strong and sturdy as the rocks and mountains familiar to his boyhood.

Here is an honest look at today's Christians and their role in a dramatic hour in history.

First-rate paperbacks, as everybody knows, are being printed by the millions. You see them everywhere—in grocery stores, drugstores, even bookstores. This is fine, because it makes good reading inexpensive and helps to cultivate the reading habit among many people who otherwise would not know the rewards of good literature. But seldom is a paperback a delight to the eye. Paperbacks are cheap, and they often look cheap.

Not so some books at the opposite end of the spectrum. Never before, it seems to me, have publishers issued so many beautiful, well-illustrated books in hard covers. One of the latest is *The Living Sea* (Harper & Row, \$6.50) by **Captain J. Y. Cousteau**,

the famous undersea explorer you may have met in *The Silent World*.

The text, written with **James Dugan**, gives the reader many exciting visits to that other world beneath the sea; and when I say this book is *profusely* illustrated, I mean it in italics. It belongs with anybody's collection of fine books.

Another choice item of bookbinding and typography is *Area Code 215* (Atheneum, \$5.75) by **Walter Teller**.

The author has written a chronicle of the seasons and personalities around his home in Bucks County, Pa., and he has written it with honesty. As nature study it is not so compelling as some other current books, and I was not always interested in the people the author describes. But this is an easy, friendly book—and, as I said, the package is almost irresistible.

It was a snowy, blowy Sunday in February. In church with her family, the 39-year-old mother of six children sat daydreaming as the Communion service proceeded. Into her mind flashed the picture of an old black man being beaten and tortured by two other men, black like himself, but with cruel, brutish faces, while a white man, the master of them all, stood by, urging the tormentors on.

The scene played itself out for her. When the church service ended, she stood, adjusted her bonnet, collected her children, and walked home with them. Then she sat down at her desk and began to write. Her supply of writing paper ran out, and she reached

for some brown paper that had come around the groceries, scribbling on until the vision was written out and the old man had escaped by forgiving his enemies and going to glory. Then she rose and went to see about dinner for her family.

The writer was Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the incident she set down that day enlarged itself into the anti-slavery novel *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Whether or not the book hastened the Civil War has been a subject of controversy. Certainly, it was a runaway best seller, making its author rich and famous and becoming, in dramatic form, the staple melodrama of nearly every touring theatrical company for several decades. Yet its author had never been in the South to see the conditions about which she wrote.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's own story was as full of trouble and personal triumph as her books—she wrote more than 30, plus hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles. **Johanna Johnston** tells it well in *Runaway to Heaven* (Doubleday, \$5.95).

"As American as apple pie" is a hackneyed phrase. Still it is the best way I can describe the career of **Ralph Moody**, successful businessman, author, and human being.

Moody has been setting his story down in a series of books that are as wholesome as the wheat he harvested as a boy just turned 20. Latest in the series is *The Dry Divide* (Norton, \$3.95), which begins when young Ralph was put off a freight train in McCook, Nebr., with only a dime in his pocket. It ends three months later

with him the owner of eight teams of horses and the rigs to go with them, and having \$1,356 in the bank. In the meantime, he had saved a wheat crop for a widow and had welded a group of misfits into a first-rate harvesting crew.

The book does not say anything about it, but that must have been the summer young Moody also delivered the Sunday sermons in the community church at Cedar Bluffs, Kans. I read about that in John Wesley Noble's profile of him in *TOGETHER* back in July, 1961 [see *Mister Little Britches*, page 34].

When this appears in print, I will be vacation bound for my favorite fishing country in the Arkansas-Missouri Ozarks. The fever hit me early this year, mainly because a former president, **Herbert Hoover**, decided to issue a little book titled *Fishing for Fun—And To Wash Your Soul* (Random House, \$3).

"Next to prayer," writes Mr. Hoover, "fishing is the most personal relationship of man . . ." Presidents, he writes, "have taken to fishing in an astonishing fashion. . . . I think I have discovered the reason: it is the silent sport."

Even today, Mr. Hoover finds fishing fun: "because it gives an excuse and an impulse to take to the woods and to the water . . . Contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of forest and mountain, all reduce our egotism, soothe our troubles, and shame our wickedness."

Not everyone will agree, as we learned when we published the color pictorial *I Go a Fishing* [July, 1960, page 37], but it is a sport that means a great deal to millions. If it does to you, Mr. Hoover's book will make you want to bring out the old tackle box and take off for your favorite stream or lake.

Youngsters round about the fourth grade will find the *Enchantment of America* series (Childrens Press, \$21, the set; \$3.50, each book) lives up to its name. Text and illustrations of these eight volumes catch the spirit of different regions of the United States, and expert consultation from the University of Chicago laboratory school and authorities on each region covered has backed up the authors.

Regions covered are identified by the titles, *High Country* (the Rocky Mountain and plateau states); *Pacific Shores; Panoramic Plains; Gulf Lands and Central South; Lakes, Hills and Prairies* (the Middle West); *Sea and Sunshine* (the South Atlantic States); *Hills and Harbors* (Middle Atlantic States); and *New England Country*.

Dorothy Wood is the author of



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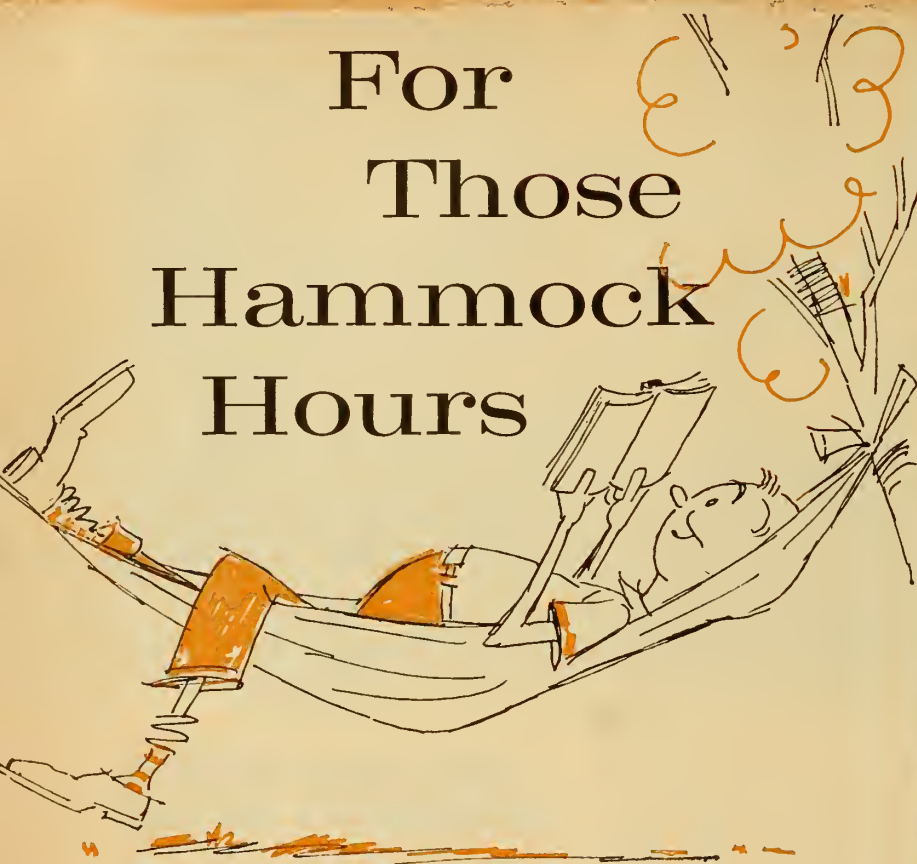
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When the wheat was ready on
The Dry Divide, the harvesting teams
worked long in the hot sun.

For Those Hammock Hours



... find yourself a breeze-brushed spot and reach for a book as refreshing as a glass of lemonade. Here are a few recently published that qualify:

An End to Bugling (Harper & Row, \$3.50)—What would happen if Jeb Stuart and his men came back 100 years after the Battle of Gettysburg and tried to carry out their original orders in modern traffic? **Edmund G. Love** makes a guess. The result is high-spirited farce.

I Owe Russia \$1200 (Doubleday, \$3.95)—If you enjoy comedian **Bob Hope**, this book is for you. He tells of recent globe-spanning trips, and through his eyes the world looks a good deal funnier than it is.

The Story of Baseball (Random House, \$3.95)—Young people, of any age, will enjoy this exciting, illustrated history of our national sport by **John M. Rosenberg**.

The Wayfaring Stranger's Notebook (Bobbs Merrill, \$4.95)—On the trail of America's music, folk-singer **Burl Ives** has run across bits of history that have delighted him. He shares them in this unusual book.

Ask Henry (Prentice-Hall, \$2.95)—**Henry Makow** was only 11 when he decided to become a columnist and advise parents how to handle their kids. From his syndicated column are these questions and Henry's offbeat, common-sense replies.

Gullible's Travels (Dodd, Mead, \$3.95)—Camping in Europe with six children, including a baby, can be comic as well as confusing, writes **Mary Bodell**, mother of the family.

Everyone but Thee and Me (Little, Brown, \$3.95)—A new collection of humorous verse by **Ogden Nash**. His admirers will need no further identification.

the three volumes on the Atlantic states; **Frances E. Wood** wrote the volumes on the Middle West, the Plains, and the South; and **Libra Jan Cleveland** is the author of the books on the High Country and the Pacific states. Tom Dunnington illustrated them all.

Not since Calvin and Luther has Protestantism had a single theologian of the stature and importance of Karl Barth. Nobody could condense the 12 volumes of the great European theologian's writing into one short book. However, **Georges Casalis** highlighted the main points for the lay reader in a book that was originally published in French and now is available in English, with the translation done by still a third eminent theologian, Robert McAfee Brown.

I found the excerpts from Barth's own work clearer than the surrounding explanation in **Portrait of Karl Barth** (Doubleday, \$3.50). However, the job of summation has been done with an understanding and exactitude that received Barth's own commendation.

"Unlike some writers I could name, now glittering on full-dress occasions like Christmas trees, I had never planned a literary career," writes **J. B. Priestley** in **Margin Released** (Harper & Row, \$4.95).

However that may be, the British author has become a world-renowned man of letters. Novels, plays, tales, essays, criticism—he has written them all.

If he were starting in to write now, he thinks he would concentrate on television drama: "This could be subtle and fascinating, the most intimate drama the world has known," he says.

Subtle and fascinating are apt adjectives for **Margin Released**. A book of reflections and reminiscences, it has the subtlety of humor and the fascinating frankness of a man who knows his own mind and is not afraid to speak it.

Methodist preacher **W. McFerrin Stowe** maintains Paul of Tarsus is the second greatest man who ever lived, Jesus of course being the first, and he tells why in **The Power of Paul** (Abingdon, \$2.50).

Presbyterian minister **John A. Redhead** examines the lives of Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Elijah, Luke, John, and Timothy in **Sermons on Bible Characters** (Abingdon, \$2.75).

Both books are good reading, both offer helpful highlights to Bible study.

What does it mean to be free in a world in which the very processes of life, work, and thought tend to rob us of our freedom? The great German preacher and theologian **Helmut Thielicke** considers modern threats to

man's freedom in *The Freedom of the Christian Man* (Harper & Row, \$4.50).

The book is a ringing challenge to Christians to rediscover the actual source of freedom—the God who loves man for his own sake. Only by returning to the Source, says Dr. Thielicke, can the Christian West persuade our antagonists of our real concern for the dignity and freedom of man.

It used to be said of psychologist-philosopher William James that his meaty books had the flavor of novels. This is how one may look upon **Edmond Taylor's *The Fall of the Dynasties*** (Doubleday, \$6.50).

The figures who shaped today's world, leaving us a legacy of upheaval and insecurity, move through its pages as living men and women. The reader can almost feel the warmth of their bodies as he absorbs the fascinating—oftentimes maddening—stories of the four principal ruling families in Europe prior to World War I—the Hohenzollerns (Germany), the Habsburgs (Austria-Hungary), the Romanovs (Russia), and Abdul Hamid (the Ottoman Empire or Turkey).

Taylor's book is a stimulating study of strengths and weaknesses, sincerity and sham, intense humanness and brutality, brilliance and stupidity. It may almost be said that never in history has there been an era when there was

such a preponderance of ineptness as in that which led up to World War I, when the times cried out for genius and integrity. Small wonder, then, that the war was triggered by juveniles (the assassination of Habsburg Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Sarajevo was the result of a teen-age plot).

It is all there—a poignant series of romances, parents' devotion to children, scheming and deception, and cheating and lying. It is an awesome record of lightweights in starring roles.

Lenin and Trotsky took over Russia by default during the 1917 political vacuum, Taylor says, giving us a gripping portrayal of personalities shorn of the aura that has been painted around them.

An entirely different perspective is drawn out by **Herbert J. Muller in *Freedom in the Western World*** (Harper & Row, \$8.50). This scholarly work is an excellent, comprehensive contribution to the study of Anglo-Saxon and Latin civilization.

Dr. Muller, an eminent professor and a distinguished writer, deals with events largely in an impersonal manner, whereas Taylor concerns himself with individuals. This punctuates the principal difference between two meritorious books: *Freedom in the Western World* primarily as a monumental textbook, *The Fall of the Dynasties* breathing and pulsating. It must be said in fairness that in cover-

HOW LONG?

How long has it been since I flew a kite?

Or really noticed a firefly's light,

Or captured some tadpoles in a jar,

Or made a wish on the very first star?

How long since I looked in a pansy's face,

Or made an umbrella of Queen Anne's lace?

Or had buttercup yellow all over my nose,

Or squiggled the mud between my toes?

How long since I made a dandelion chain,

Or waded in puddles after the rain?

Or whittled a whistle, carved a gun,

Or baked a mud pie out in the sun?

These are the simple childhood joys,

I early shared with my girls and boys.

Almost forgotten, but not anymore,

I'll do them again, my grandson is four.

—M. MADELEINE LAEUFER



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ing the broad expanse of human history from the Dark Ages through the American and French revolutions, Dr. Muller was prevented by space limitation from portraying the actors on the stage of history.

However, historical events do not merely happen; they take place because men and women—and sometimes, as at Sarajevo, teen-agers—cause them to happen. This is one of the important lessons of history, and it gives all history relevance as we wrestle with our current issues.

"Continuity is the very stuff of history," observes **Nicholas V. Riasanovsky** in his *History of Russia* (Oxford, \$10.50). Accordingly, he has woven dates and names into a colorful yet objective continuity that helps put today's news bulletins and newspaper headlines into historical perspective.

The resulting book is a learned, sensitive interpretation of Russia from Neolithic culture until today. The author is a history professor at the University of California at Berkeley.

Observers of American culture frequently present their views in magazines or newspapers of limited circulation. So it is helpful to us all when a publisher decides to collect some of their better essays into book form. Two such books are *Against the American Grain* (Random House, \$6.50) by **Dwight Macdonald** and *Hollywood in Transition* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75) by **Richard Dyer MacCann** [see also pages 14-17].

Macdonald writes on the effects of mass culture, a term he uses to suggest that the mass production of writing and the visual arts has led us to accept a lowest common denominator, thus curbing creativity. For example, he is not happy with the language of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, and he is appalled that educated Americans are obsessed with factual knowledge.

MacCann writes about Hollywood from his years as a reporter there for the *Christian Science Monitor*. His book, much of which originally appeared in the *Monitor*, takes a realistic look at the problems that have been created in the film capital by the new freedom available to film makers. Families concerned about making discriminating choice of the films they see will benefit from his book.

Faber Birren says in his foreword to *Color in Your World* (Collier Books, 95¢) that he wrote this paperback original principally to entertain, yet it is clear he takes himself seriously.

Every color produces emotional effects and can even have a bearing on physical well-being, he says. Then he goes on to tell what color likes and dis-

likes are supposed to indicate about your personality.

The book really is too heavy reading just for fun, and it is a long way out for serious consideration.

I see the black/white school of historical hucksters is again hoisting Col. John H. Chivington, making him out as a Neanderthal, no less.

Chivington was a Methodist preacher who turned soldier (q.v., as the scholars say, my note on page 51, April 1959, on Robert Lee Kerby's *The Confederate Invasion of New Mexico and Arizona, 1861-1862*). It is not Chivington's brilliant sally against the invading Texans, however, that fascinates **Michael Straight**, a former *New Republic* editor, in *A Very Small Remnant* (Alfred A. Knopf, \$4). It is Chivington's attack at Sand Creek on allegedly friendly Indians. Straight has an engaging style. But many historians, as well as literary critics, will note that this book is fiction.

Since I read about George B. Eckhart and his hobby in *Unusual Methodists* [October, 1962, page 28], I have had a yen to know more about those Spanish padres who infiltrated the Southwest. Now the opportunity has come to me in *The Golden Road*, by **Felix Riesenbergh, Jr.** (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95).

It is the story of California's Spanish Mission Trail from its beginning to now. One episode concerns Jedediah Smith, a character known to *TOGETHER* readers [June, 1960, page 31]. Trapper and trader, he was in 1826 the first American to cross overland to California.

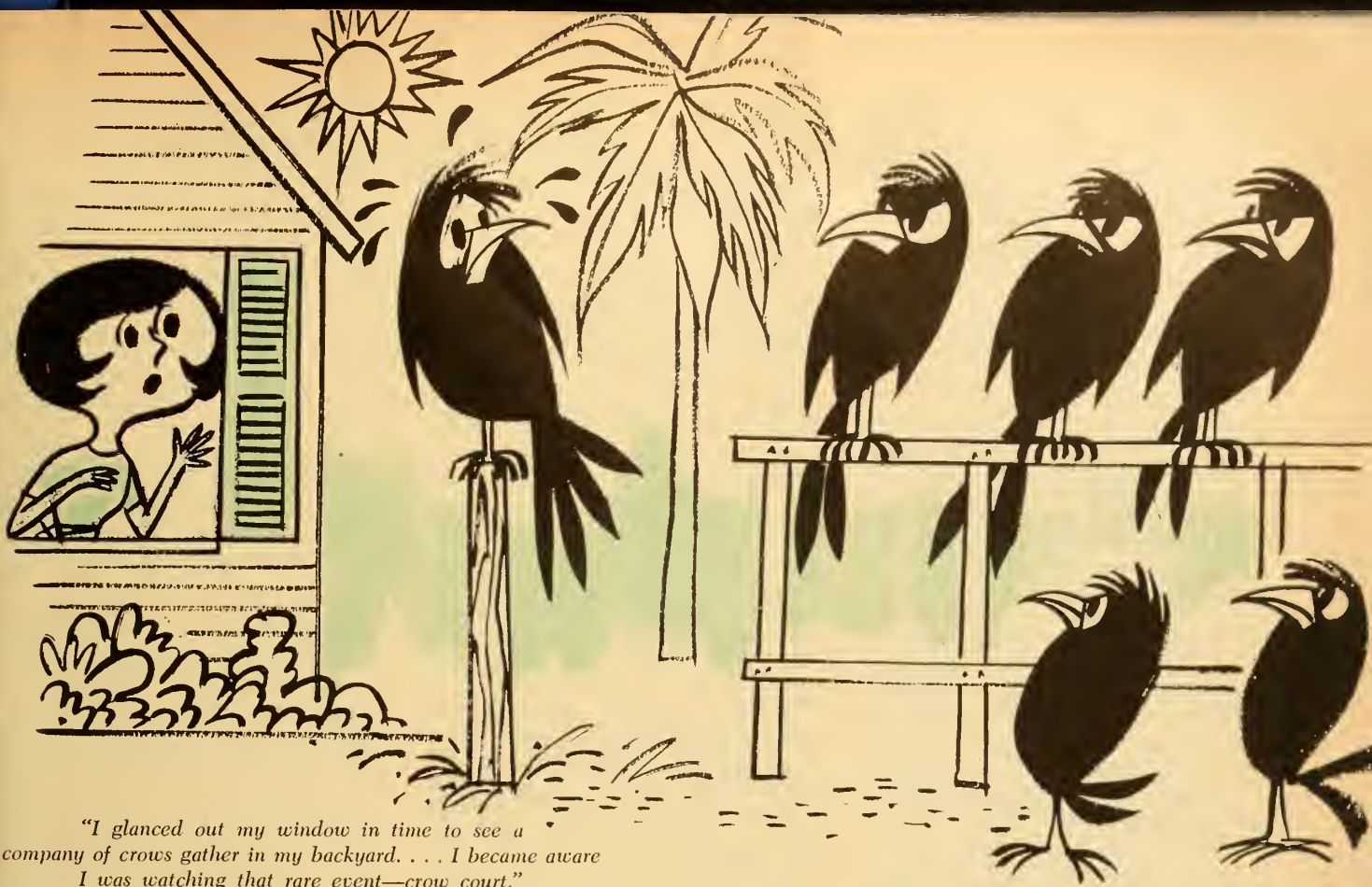
"He had about him," writes author Riesenbergh, "that irritating propensity of many inland people to ignore the customs of others. Smith, a Methodist, read aloud from the Bible, a book which had been outlawed by the Franciscans who found the work as immoral as that *escandalosísimo* dance called the 'waltz.'"

If you were reading *TOGETHER* back in 1957, you may remember **Grace Noll Crowell's** poem *God Made All Things* [October, 1957, page 75]. Or if you joined us later, you may recall *Morning Walk*, which appeared in July, 1959 [page 65].

Mrs. Crowell is the author of many books of poetry and prose. The latest is *God's Masterpieces* (Abingdon, \$1.75), a little volume in which she has combined Scripture, prose, and poetry to depict 12 people of the Bible.

It will be welcomed joyously by the millions of people who have read and been inspired by her previous books and magazine verse.

—BARNABAS



"I glanced out my window in time to see a company of crows gather in my backyard. . . . I became aware I was watching that rare event—crow court."

Hobby Alley

Private in the Army of Bird Watchers

By AILENE COLEMAN

WHEN IT COMES to bird-watching, I'm a raw recruit. I own no binoculars, no ornithological books. Nor do I go out of my way to watch birds. Yet, I have witnessed some unique incidents with my one inflexible rule: if birds want to be watched, they must come to me.

Well, birds do come to me—singly and in combination. Sometimes they even force themselves upon me. Like the time a blue jay fledgling fell out of his nest and into my lap.

Or the loudmouthed mockingbird that hops up to my kitchen door twice a week and calls shrilly until I join him on the porch. Then, with gray feathers ruffed, he indignantly sounds

off in machine-gun squawks which only baffle me. Is he complaining about a thieving jay, a marauding hawk, or is he merely filling me in on "subirdian" gossip?

Perhaps, if I knew more about birds, I would be less impressed by this one-way conversation. I doubt it. I was impressed—and surprised, too. But birds are always surprising me.

There was the time I glanced out my window in time to see a company of crows gather in my backyard. As I watched these glossy, self-confident birds assemble, I became aware that I was observing that rare event—crow court.

The accused perched atop a tomato

stake, his manner suggesting humble repentance. On the fence, three pompous crow-judges conferred, while a large audience of crows regrouped quietly on the ground.

Evidently, these attentive crows were witnesses against the defendant, because each bird had his squawk as the trial progressed. After all had voiced raucous complaints, the judges joined the flock and the birds milled around.

Fortunately, the adjournment was brief and the crows returned to their places. Now, only one crow voice was heard. As this judge handed down his decision, the onlookers squawked and flapped their wings, obviously agree-

ing with the verdict he had given.

With the trial ended, the flock took off, flying west toward a cluster of water oaks. Only the guilty culprit remained. But guilty of what? Did he fall asleep on picket duty or leave his post in search of corn? What could a rascally crow do to warrant expulsion from his flock? These questions remained long after the dejected crow roused himself and headed east—an outcast flying alone.

AT TIMES, I'm more a bird wonderer than watcher. Not long ago, a meeting of mixed "subirdia" piqued my curiosity, and gave me the idea that birds are conference-loving critters, too.

A shrill blue jay called the birds to a meeting on our fence. First to arrive were six shrikes in black Zorro masks, followed quickly by four meadowlarks in yellow aprons and black bibs, and four twitters mockingbirds.

The conference was unusual, to say the least. All the birds were male; all were attentive; all faced the same direction except the leader jay.

This jay addressed the birds as a general speaks to his troops. Really laid down the law. And they listened, making not a sound nor a move throughout the long speech.

Of course, my kind of bird wondering-watching does not pass muster with bird buffs. They call birds by Latin names and quote numerous authorities. Often they criticize my methods, exclaiming, "You can't identify half the birds you see."

True. For bird names, beaks, and plumage interest me only in a minor way. They add up to facts, and facts are not as much fun as bird antics.

In Florida, where we lived until recently, twilight is the ideal time to see bird antics. First, a bug-bogged meadowlark thanks God for the plentiful supply of bugs. Nearby, a crippled mockingbird rides a limber bough as if it were a combined merry-go-round, ferris wheel, and springboard. Overhead, flock after flock of gregarious redwing blackbirds flutter by, dipping and diving, as they head for their rookery.

About this time, the twilight moths arrive high in the sky. A watchful shrike spots one, makes a vertical take-off, and circles until he is in front of the moth. Thanks to his knowledge of thermal currents, the shrike merely opens his bill and the moth flies in.

At least one redheaded woodpecker would inspect our new creosoted fence poles. How human his perplexity seems as he moves to each nail hole.

Before dark, several long-legged burrowing owls come silently in from the east. Woe to anyone or anything which draws too near, for these amusing but ill-tempered creatures jump up and down angrily, screaming eerie indignation.

Often, several owls will gang up on our cowardly cat, cutting off his routes of escape. With the cat pinned down, they make low, graceful flyovers but never attack him.

One evening, I got involved in this play. I rounded the corner of our house and almost bumped into a flying owl. Naturally, I froze; an owl just inches away is a frightening missile. Evidently, he felt the same about me, for his huge orbs widened awesomely as tail, wings, and feet shot down for a midair stop. Fearing collision, I covered my face. But all I felt was the gentle brush of a wing as he wheeled abruptly.

I did witness a midair collision last summer between two less agile turkey buzzards drifting lazily overhead. One circled right; the other spiraled left. Since their heads were down, watching me, they were unaware of the perilous flight pattern. Once more they circled, and then the inevitable happened. With a loud thwack, they collided. Ragged, white-tipped wings merged, then separated as the birds scrambled wildly for altitude and composure.

Yes, in my own bumbling way, I've learned much about birds. I've learned, too, that ornithologists can be wrong.

Take the warning: "Don't stare at birds! It makes them uncomfortable and they will fly away." Nonsense! If I stare at my bird regulars, they stare back. If I say "Shoo!" they tilt their heads puzzledly and glare at me.

Too, I heard that birds love peanut butter and doughnut swings. Ha! I put globs of peanut butter and tied doughnut swings on my birds' favorite mulberry tree. And the birds wouldn't go near that tree.

In fact, they flew out of their way to bypass it. Even weeks later, when the peanut butter turned gray and the doughnuts had disintegrated, the birds avoided that tree as they would a predator.

Sometimes, when I haven't time to watch birds, they watch me. In our previous home, for example, they often fluttered outside the plate-glass windows which rose from floor to ceiling in our living room. Robins, sparrows, and mockingbirds took turns staring inside. Mockingbirds were the boldest—but then, mockingbirds always are.

When it comes to derring-do, the

mockingbird excels. With his trill of "silly bird, silly bird," this funster takes chances few birds would attempt.

Recently, I saw a bold mocker cavorting dangerously atop a metal-capped power pole. I say dangerously because, three feet away, a rust and gray sparrow hawk feigned sleep.

The mockingbird chirped and flipped his feathers enticingly while doing a remarkable imitation of tap dancing. But the hawk did not move—not until he pounced.

The mockingbird shrieked, struggling to escape the vicious talons. Gray feathers flew. Just when all seemed lost, the much wiser mockingbird fought free and retreated to safety.

Another aggressive mockingbird once made our cat's life unbearable. From early morn, this frowsy bird lay in wait, ever ready to attack.

Sometimes, he attacked from the tall elms; other times, from the roof top. The direction was never the same, so the cat crept from shrubs to porch in a neurotic slink. The porch offered no protection, however. In one continuous motion, the mockingbird would dive low, come in at ground level, deliver his peck and soar upward again.

NOT all birds are so alert. One morning, I gazed out my dining-room window and saw, a scant three inches away, a ruby-throated hummingbird asleep on a dried morning-glory vine. His oily iridescent head was tucked under a minuscule wing; one foot curled beneath him.

Never before had I seen an immobile hummingbird. As I watched, my wonderment grew. He awakened and stretched his wings lazily. Various feathers caught his attention and were pruned into place. Then he treated me to an act so rare that few bird watchers have witnessed it.

Slowly he opened his needle beak and unreeled his pale nectar tube, fine as spider webbing, until it extended an inch beyond the bill. The hummingbird sunned this sensitive instrument for five minutes. Then the tube re-wound and disappeared into the throat as the bill snapped shut.

Yes, birds do come to me, one way or another. And I like to think that my kind of bird-watching is more than a hobby. To me, it is a means of deriving maximum enjoyment from a great gift.

For birds are God's bonus. A bonus of song, color, and humor given freely to all—to enrich our days, our lives.

Name Your Hobby

Why not write to one or more of these hobbyists this summer? Or—if you want your hobby listed here, write to us. Meanwhile, enjoy this month's *Hobby Alley*, Ailene Coleman's bird-watcher story, on page 63.—*Hobby Editor.*

BOOKS: Mrs. James McQuaid, 1112 Rock Creek Dr., Garland, Tex. (about Methodists; biography or fiction).

CHARMS: Linda Lane, RD 1, Mehoopany, Pa.

CHURCH BULLETINS: Hazel M. Rexer, Box 671, Hill Top Village, Kerrville, Texas.

COINS: Douglas Alexander, Box 42, Lexington, Okla. (pennies, 1909-1940).

DISCIPLINES AND HYMNALS: R. S. Brown, 767 Falls St., Toccoa, Ga. (Methodist).

GENEALOGY: A. S. Thorp, Newstead, 9 Grenfell Rd., Beaconsfield, Bucks, England (family of John Wesley).

Helen R. Qualls, Livingston, Tenn. (Stewart, Poteet, Allred, Ramsey, Dishman); Alice M. S. Denike, 28 Devoe St., Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. (Sargent, Syers, Tompkins, Valentine, Waters); M/Sgt. William H. Turley, AF13414466, 7544 Combat Support Group (CH), APO 83, New York, N.Y. (Rhodes, Gibson, Powers, Pusey, Dundas); Elizabeth A. Ratzlaff, R. 2, Box 23-B, Forest Lake, Minn. (Stair, Stoehr, Starr, Dalrymple).

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MINIATURES: Emmer Lieske, Hawarden, Iowa (cats & kittens); Mrs. Mayme F. Smith, Hawarden, Iowa (dogs).

MUSIC: Mukaila Olayinka, 168 Adeniji Adele Rd., Lagos, Nigeria.

NEWSPAPERS: J. P. Rexer, Box 671, Hill Top Village, Kerrville, Texas (mastheads).

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SEALS: Mrs. Robert Travis, 801 Northwestern Dr., Storm Lake, Iowa (tuberculosals).

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Dana Parks, Box 130, Petersburg, Texas; Kayode Ali, 4 Upper King St., Lagos, Nigeria.

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The Rev. George D. Witthaus, 3666 Fairlane St., White Bear Lake, Minn.; the Rev. Ray E. Mills, 211 W. Seventh, Rochester, Ind. (U.S. mint, singles and plate blocks); Mark Mills, 211 W. Seventh, Rochester, Ind. (cancelled, flora, fauna, and maps).

TEAPOTS: Janie Gilbert, 2104 Raspberry Lane, Pasadena, Texas (unusual).

TROPICAL FISH: Stephen Doty, 7 Fero Ave., Corning, N.Y.

VIEW CARDS: Betty Humphrey, Fleischmanns, N.Y. (historical).

WRITING: Dorothy Pankratz, 2262 Cabrillo, Santa Clara, Calif. (article, short story).



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From Lagos, Nigeria: Ta Judeen Ajose (18), 1 Erelu Square; Abisogun Ogbe (16), 22 Porter St.; Amusea Kausis Abbey (18), 38 Great Bridge St. Mrs. Donald McLean, 4 River St., Massena, N.Y. (represents Girl Scouts, ages 11-14, seeking pen pals from other countries only).

Linda Berger (12), R. 2, Olney, Ill.; Janet (15), Pat (11) Langenkamp, 70 Concord Rd., Mount Fern, Dover, N.J.; Kathy Breithaupt (11), Box 836, Jena, La.; Julia Johnson (11), 4536-41st Ave., S., Minneapolis 6, Minn.; Melissa Morrill (14), 3704 Mulberry Rd., Fort Wayne, Ind.; Wendy Wolfard (12), 4225 Skyline Dr., Ogden, Utah; Cindy Gratz (11), 7 Main St., Dennisville, N.J.

Linda Pekar (17), 250 Lester Rd., Park Forest, Ill.; Marcia Smith (16), 228 Miami, Park Forest, Ill.; Valerie Hare (13), 1350 Sweets Corner Rd., Penfield, N.Y.; Susan Wilson (11), 322 S. Dement Ave., Dixon, Ill.

Linda Deitz (16), 1540 Fourth St., Rensselaer, N.Y.; Susan (11) and Pamela (7) Hinrichs, 2815 Winter, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Janette Ogle (17), Emma (15), and Barbara (13) McFalls, Stuart Dormitory, Gatlinburg, Tenn.; Sandy Matteson (16), 8329 Poolsbrook Rd., Kirkville, N.Y.

Mary Taylor (12), RR 2, Hotchkiss, Colo.; Carol Parsons (14), 109 Woodward Lane, Dunsmuir, Calif.; Janet Steger (13), 1962 Madison St., Paducah, Ky.; Judaline Spinney (12), 19 Dixon Ave., Eliot, Maine; Brigitte Wontraba (17), Jessnitz, Kos. Bitterfeld, Raguhn str. 43, DDR-Germany; Emmanuel Olu Abidakin (15), 175 Imam Ligali St., Lagos, Nigeria.



Letters

Distinctive, Impressive, Useful...

ALBEA GODBOLD, *Exec. Secy. Assoc. of Meth. Historical Societies Lake Junaluska, N.C.*

The *Methodist Europa Map* [June, page 35] is something distinctive, impressive, and useful. With more and more people traveling to Europe, many people will thank you for it.

He Says Danke Schoen!

EMIL SCHELLHAMMER
Nuernberg, Germany

We thank you very much for your sending of the issue of *TOGETHER*, February, 1963. It's a great joy for us to see pictures on the deaconesses of our Martha-Mary Institute and Motherhouse at Nuernberg [*European Deaconesses: First in a Sisterhood of Mercy*, Inside front cover]. I am the director and pastor of these deaconess-nurses. Thanks to you that you have published these colored pictures and for the words you found for the Sisters.

Let me greet you heartily in the name of our institution.

Deaconess Is Now Pastor's Wife

MRS. ROBERT T. BOBILIN
St. Paul, Minn.

Since the picture [February, top page 1] was taken, the German deaconess has come to the United States, married a Methodist minister, and now is a missionary in Puerto Rico. I first met Lena in Nuremberg in 1950, while I was with a Southern California Methodist work team helping the Germans rebuild that deaconess home and church shown on the inside front cover.

Bishop Doesn't Speak for Him

THOMAS J. WALKER, *Student Drew Theological School Madison, N.J.*

Bishop Gerald Kennedy's article *How Big Should a Church Be?* [April, page 32] is just one more example of how the church has become so infiltrated by the American way of life that we now have taken to discussing ecumenicity in the language of the big corporation.

The whole issue for Bishop Kennedy seems to be whether or not the church will be more effective as a centralized or decentralized corporation. The church, however, is not by nature a corporation; it is the body of believers

constituted in Jesus Christ. The corporation model is totally irrelevant to the issue; it is, in fact, frightening to believe this concept of the church has invaded our thinking.

Bishop Kennedy, I hope, does not speak for The Methodist Church. He does not speak for me.

He Puts Together on Tape

THOMAS B. EVERIST, *Ret. Minister Yardley, Pa.*

It may interest your readers that I am making tape recordings of *TOGETHER/ADVOCATE* for a blind minister of the Evangelical United Brethren Church, along with preparation material for his Adult Bible Class. This is a friendly gesture of ecumenicity between our denominations which probably will unite in the next several years.

This project has a therapy advantage, inasmuch as it provides me with an outlet that has been pretty much clogged up in these last three years being incapacitated as the result of a stroke. I would like to expand this no-cost service.

Brother Everist's last paragraph becomes more understandable when one knows that he has been navigating by help of a wheelchair "these last three years." He lends tapes gratis postpaid. Address him at 117 S. Main St., Yardley, Pa.—EDITORS.

An Inspirational Lift

MRS. LUTHER STRINGER
Prairie City, Iowa

Inspired by pictures of the interpretive choir in *TOGETHER* [*Fairest Lord Jesus*, August, 1961, page 2], we have



organized a high-school girls choir at First Methodist Church.

Interpreting hymns and anthems with symbolic movements has made the words and thoughts come alive for our young people. It is inspiring to see the girls kneel to the music of the *Lord's Prayer* or to reach up in joy and praise to *Open the Gates of the Temple* as they express a new understanding. It gives a lift that is long remembered.

Where Is Jesus in the Picture?

DONALD T. PHILLIPS, SR., *Pastor Emmanuel Methodist Church Penns Grove, N.J.*

I Married a Methodist and Why the Marriage Escaped the Rocks [March *Powwow*, page 18] reflect the enervating "watering down" of the Christian faith which characterizes so many of the religious ideas and attitudes that are presented under the banner of "Methodism." Belief in the Lord Jesus Christ doesn't seem important in either article.

How can a disbeliever in Christ occupy a Christian pulpit (as Mr. Nadel writes that he did)? There are places for the interchange of religious ideas, but the Christian pulpit is not one. The church of Jesus Christ is dedicated to the doctrine that "there is salvation in no one else" (Acts 4:12). And one wonders what sort of Christmas story can be told by a person who rejects the coming of God into human life through the incarnation of his Eternal Son.

What Does the Bible Say?

WILLIAM A. SWIFT, *Ret. Minister Nashville, Tenn.*

I have been a student of the Bible for 75 years. *I Married a Methodist* does not harmonize with the statements of Christ and the Apostle Peter (John 14:6 and Acts 4:12). If Mr. Nadel is right, I have misconstrued God's word.

Old Light on New Testament

MRS. EDWIN SANDERS
Alden, Iowa

How could a Christian live happily with a non-Christian without wanting to share Christ and his victorious Resurrection?

This article left me a bit sick and much bewildered. Then came the greater realization of how wonderful the whole New Testament is! The Old is just the background of the great unfolding of God's love that is found in the New.

Thanks to Sir Hugh

LYNAS E. LUSHBOUGH
Evansville, Ind.

Thank you for Sir Hugh Foot's *There's a Human Side to the UN, Too!* [April, page 14]. The United Nations is

indeed the "heart and hope of mankind."

Those opposing the UN ought to channel their energy into strengthening it, so that both men and nations may gain increasing sovereignty under law and order.

Sir Hugh: 'Cogent Reasons'

HERMAN WILL, JR.

*Division of Peace and World Order
Board of Christian Social Concerns
Washington, D.C.*

I am writing to express my delight with the article by Sir Hugh Foot entitled, *There's a Human Side to the UN, Too!* [April, page 14].

In my judgment, this is one of the very best articles you have had regarding the United Nations. Not only is it written by a man who writes in a very interesting and personal way but it also represents a perspective on the UN which should be very helpful to our Methodist people. He does not go into the usual arguments in behalf of the UN but informally advances some very cogent reasons why it should be supported and strengthened.

More Re Huguenot Cross

MRS. DAISY PARSONS

South Wigston, Leicester, Eng.

A friend sends me TOGETHER every month. I often use articles for women's fellowship meetings, and my daughters find many articles useful in their school studies.

I thought the December issue especially excellent. The letter inquiring about Huguenot crosses [You Can Have a Huguenot Cross, page 75] reminded me that I have one. When I was reared in L'Église Réformée in France, we all wore our crosses with pride, as badges of distinction. The crosses helped us recognize fellow Protestants.



The Huguenot cross is the Cross of Malta, where the Apostle Paul once stopped. The four heart shapes are for the four Gospels. The dove is the symbol of the Holy Spirit.

Report from Georgia

B. H. BERRIER, Pastor

*Newton Estates Methodist Church
College Park, Ga.*

All Methodism is in debt to Dr. Dow Kirkpatrick for his enlightening *The South: A Society in Transition* [February, page 33]. A great deal has been done, and is being done, by the Christian church in race relations. The peaceful desegregation of the University

of Georgia and Georgia Tech and several Atlanta high schools has been due in no small part to ministers and laymen who realize that segregation is wrong.

Those of us who knew Dr. Kirkpatrick personally remember him not only as a warm friend but as a true prophet of the pulpit who had a great deal to do with creating a better climate in race relations.

Re Australia's Christian Cabarets

E. J. HUTTON, Assoc. Minister

Kingaroy Methodist Circuit

Kingaroy, Queensland, Australia

An Australian comment is needed on the remarks of Mrs. I. H. Kennedy and Mrs. Edgar Gilbert [Letters, January, page 66] criticizing dancing sponsored by Methodists.

The Teen-Age Cabarets on the Queensland Gold Coast (the Miami of Australia) were an excellent means of evangelism last Christmas. Two large teams of young persons used modern means to win youth to Christ.

Soft drinks, floor shows, and a Christian challenge—organized and carried out by young people witnessing for Christ—drew greater crowds than the attractions in hotels and other places. John Wesley would be pleased with Australian Methodists.

Why Not Mobile Parsonages?

CARL HUDSON, Pastor

Miami, Texas

Grover C. Bagby and Webb Garrison both were right in the *Powwow Is the Parsonage System Obsolete?* [April, page 22]. Yet neither offered a solution.

I suggest doing away with parsonage homes. Local churches then could put a concrete slab on church property, with electrical, water, sewer, gas, and telephone connections. It could have an attractive roof, a storage room, and space for an automobile.

The site could be made attractive, to harmonize with a distinctive residential section.

The pastor could be given a rental allowance for purchase of a mobile home to fit his family's needs. Such trailers are available in several bedroom and bathroom models. They are expandable and fit together. These mobile homes can be moved from place to place easily. And they cost much less than a permanent home.

Keep House, Not Furniture

MRS. JOEL HARRIS

Geddes, S.Dak.

The Rev. Webb Garrison is right: parsonages belong! But why should a congregation choose and keep up the furniture? A stove and refrigerator, yes; but furnishings are expressions of personality. (As a minister's wife I

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write from experience in four parsonages.)

There is too much risk of financial loss for a minister in buying and selling a house because of variations and fluctuations in real-estate prices from city to city. Even if a minister could sell at a profit, he might be handicapped by having to transact business from a distance.

Parsonage vs. Wide-Open Spaces

RAYFORD WOODRICK, *Pastor*
Meridian, Miss.

Grover C. Bagby seems to assume that all pastors serve in urban or suburban parishes where suitable housing is available. A large percentage serves in rural areas where housing, adequate or otherwise, often would be difficult to obtain if a parsonage were not provided.

I know a pastor of another denomination who lives some miles from his parish because he cannot find local accommodations. Be thankful for Methodist parsonages!

New Key to Parsonage Problem

CARL T. PIERSON, *Pastor*
Kent, Ohio

The few disadvantages of the parsonage system can be offset by allowing the minister a specified amount of money for routine maintenance without his having to consult the house committee. Since he lives in the parsonage, he knows better than anyone else what is needed. He should inform the committee what is done.

Major repairs or remodeling should be turned over to the trustees for approval.

Same Idea, Plus a Tour

MRS. LEWIS H. BECKFORD
Bangor, Maine

The parsonage system is not obsolete. I suggest that the minister's wife invite the parsonage committee to tea or luncheon once a year, then have the members tour the parsonage. Thus they can see what is needed, to plan immediate and long-range projects.

It would be well for the committee to set aside a sum each year for the minister and his family to use for parsonage upkeep as they see fit. This would give them the feeling that the parsonage is really their home.

Too often people are concerned with status. More important than a house is the family life within it.

She Prefers Dick Swift

MRS. EDWARD BLACKWELL
Neptune City, N.J.

The beautiful photography and art in *TOGETHER* are an inspiration to me both as an artist and church-school teacher. I often use the pictures in

the classroom to illustrate lessons.

I only wish that Dick Swift's *Christ Before Pilate* [April, page 38] had been given the space that Rouault's *Crucifixion* had. But I am glad that you show art in a variety of techniques.

A Question We'll Dodge

RALPH H. SUPPLEE, *Pastor*
Holtville, Calif.

Spokane Self-Helpers Renovate a Church! [March, page 54] is interesting. Ask Gracie [Mrs. J. P. Armand] how she got the large paint brush in the small varnish can.

We suggest to Brother Supplee: never underestimate the ability of a woman with a paint brush.—Eds.

Palo Alto . . . Palm Springs

RICHARD HADDON, *Pastor*
Palm Springs, Calif.

TOGETHER featured in February, 1961, an article [*Bar Mitzvah*, page 76] about First Methodist Church of Palo Alto, Dr. R. Marvin Stuart, pastor. It told how the Jewish people were using the Methodist facilities for their Friday-night Sabbath service while they were in the midst of building their own synagogue.

Here in Palm Springs, we have a sequel. Last September, our Methodist work began in this resort community with meetings in a mortuary chapel. It was immediately apparent that we needed more room, but a search proved futile. Finally Rabbi Joseph Hurwitz of Temple Isaiah came to the rescue and offered us the use of the Temple facilities, rent free.

Our Methodist church now has 100 members and the church school meets in rooms adjacent to the Hebrew classes. There is a fine spirit of co-operation

between the two congregations. The rabbi and I exchanged pulpits in mid-February during Brotherhood Week.

An interesting sidelight is that Mr. Haddon's great-grandfather, Francisco Penzotti, began the Protestant work in Peru. Starting new churches runs in this family!—Eds.

Here Are WSCS Program Ideas!

MRS. A. R. KNEPP
Philipsburg, Pa.

A very special thank-you for giving us the many program ideas we have used in our Woman's Society of Christian Service at Trinity Methodist Church here.

We have used *Flowers for the Church Year* [February, 1962, page 37], making displays according to the pictures and descriptions. We also used the choir girls theme [*Fairest Lord Jesus*, August, 1961, page 2]. In the near future we plan to use *7 Ages of Man* [September, 1962, page 37] and the cradle-rocking service, *Babies Can Make a Sunday Sermon* [September, 1962, page 2].

We recommend *TOGETHER* for any Woman's Society program chairman who wants the best.

Arthur Gordon's Wonderful, Too

MRS. JOHN W. McKELVEY
St. Paul, Minn.

Congratulations on the excellent Reader's Choice article by Arthur Gordon, 'How Wonderful You Are . . .' [February, page 22]. I'm grateful to Mrs. Arthur C. Wells, who suggested it.

But to Mr. Gordon goes the credit for showing readers everywhere how to carry out with love and understanding the compassion which Jesus exemplified.

Last Supper in Red Oak

W. W. SAUER
Paxton, Ill.

A *Methodist Focus in Nashville* [April, inside front cover] is especially interesting to me because our church has a Last Supper carving similar to

the one in the Board of Evangelism chapel. Ours is larger and in a more modern motif, however. The figures and faces portray very rugged characteristics, making the overall result an impressive rendition. Artist Emil Thum used red oak.



New Church, Farthest Northwest

GERALD McCRAY, Pastor
Bowling Green, Fla.

This picture of the new Methodist church, built last year while I was



pastor in Nome, Alaska, was taken from the steeple of the old church built by miners in 1902. It shows children coming to junior Fellowship. The last time I met with them, 97 were present.

The Nome congregation is two-thirds Eskimo, one-third white. [See *Minister at Home*—in Nome, October, 1961, page 60.]

And Now, Chess by Radio!

W. LLOYD MILLIGAN, WA4EFS
Greenwood, S.C.

I read with interest the article on postal chess, *The Postman Kibitzes These Games!* [January, page 69]. A variation of the game is chess by amateur radio. I recently started playing, and know hams who have been exchanging moves across the continent in international Morse code for years. P-K4 seems even more exciting when it is forwarded as:

---. --.!

K. A. Roth, tournament director, writes that he already has 79 entries from 30 states for a new chess-by-mail tournament. Among entries are 11 ministers, 2 doctors. There still is time to enter. His address is 10641 S. Hale Ave., Chicago 43, Ill.—Eds.

Do Pupils Have It Soft?

G. A. BOLLINGER
Granite City, Ill.

Is Homework Overdone? [February, page 16] distressed me because in the future, college education in the U.S. will be offered only to the best prepared, most capable students.

A graduate student from Spain at St. Louis University showed me his transcript of courses. On the basis of tests given at age 11, a Spanish child will be admitted to a trade school, business school, or high school. If he does well in the tests, he will enter a

seven-year high school (equivalent to U.S. junior and senior high schools).

The curriculum is the same for all: Languages—Latin, 7 years; French, 7; Spanish, 7; German, 3; English, 3. Mathematics and Science—Arithmetic through calculus, 7 years; natural science, 3; physics and chemistry, 3.

General—Philosophy, 2 years; history and geography, 4; Spanish culture, 3; religion, 7; physical education, 7.

For the seven years the school day is 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. to 8 p.m., six days a week (Thursday afternoons off) for nine months. Homework is done after school.

A pupil must pass a comprehensive written and oral examination to get a diploma, without which he cannot enter college.

Young people of precollege age are capable of much greater academic accomplishment than presently is required of them in the U.S.

Children Need Discipline

SAMUEL M. HILLARD
Venango, Pa.

Congratulations to School Superintendent J. L. Buford for his views on homework. It is gratifying to find an educator who is not afraid to stand up and speak out against "progressive" education which tends to protect our dear children against such evil things as a little homework and discipline.

She'd Bank on Homework

MRS. J. OLIN ARMSTRONG
Pineville, Mo.

As a parent of a son in the Navy and a daughter in sixth grade, I think homework—if related to subjects at school—is essential. It should be done by pupils, not by parents. School days are too short, so pupils need to learn things on their own time. Homework need not always be bookwork.

One reason why children are not learning as much about the Word of God and his grace is that they are not encouraged at home to do something on their own. My parents believed that a person gets out of life what one puts into it—a lot, a very little, or nothing at all.

Do Parents Help Them Cheat?

MRS. JEAN OPPENHEIM
New York, N.Y.

It is morally wrong for parents to do their children's homework and to let the children hand it in as their own. This is as bad as a child copying from another.

It teaches a child that he must get the right answers somehow, even dishonestly.

Also, a child will not develop independence and self-reliance if a parent helps with homework. And a child

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is robbed of the sense of accomplishment.

Children need practice, and homework gives the repetitive drill to reinforce classroom learning. Homework is a test of what a pupil has learned in class. Homework enables a teacher to see a pupil's progress. If the majority in a class fails to do satisfactory homework, she knows she must devote more time to that topic until all the pupils understand it. If a pupil is not able to do homework based on classroom lessons, something is wrong. The parent should find out what is wrong and help correct it, rather than mask the problem by pretending the child can do the work.

The parents' responsibility is to see that children have the time, the place, and the tools to work with, to encourage children to do good work—not to help the pupils cheat!

Extra Effort Pays Off

GAYE WILLIAMS

Sykesville, Md.

Proper use of time allows a balance of study, chores, and fun.

Homework is necessary both to increase knowledge and to develop individual study habits and discipline.

Oren Arnold inquires if schools have the right to assign themselves priority over the home. Schools are not assuming this priority.

From an Ex-Moravian

MRS. HARRY DALE

Toledo, Ohio

I am glad you let Methodists know about Moravians [Thanks to the Moravians, January, page 30]. I was a Moravian from North Carolina until I married one of the "Methodist cousins" from Ohio.

Hails Power in Aldersgate Issue

PAUL W. MUMFORD

Frederick, Md.

Let me congratulate TOGETHER on the Aldersgate Issue [May]. *The Holy Spirit Has a Way* [page 11], *These Words Warmed Wesley's Heart at Aldersgate* [page 22], and Harry Denman's *What Aldersgate Means to Me* [page 23] cannot help but be used by the Holy Spirit to bring men to Christ.

Asbury's Road Was Rugged

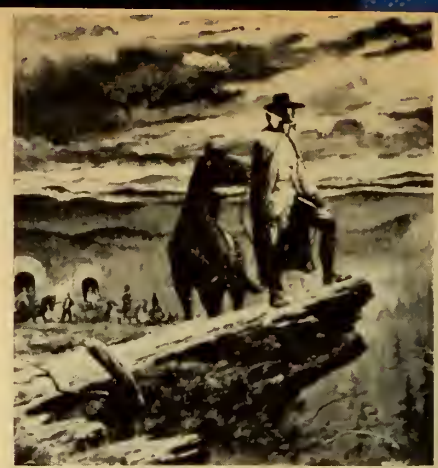
JOHN O. GROSS, Gen. Secretary

Methodist Board of Education

Nashville, Tenn.

The Aldersgate Issue makes another excellent contribution toward helping the church keep its connection with the glorious past.

However, I wish the wagons that stand ready to cross into the West in the Asbury picture had been omitted [page 46]. The Wilderness Road in



Wilderness Road: Too rugged for wagons?

Asbury's day was not a wagon road. It was a dreary road over rocks, hills, stones, and streams, nothing more than a blind, tortuous path. The first settlers traveled on foot and by horseback. It might have been better to have pictured the small armed guard that accompanied Asbury on his first trip through the Gap. On the whole, however, the picture is the most impressive of the group. I like Asbury's faraway look. The emphasis on his youth is often omitted.

We doff our hat to Brother Gross, who knows both Methodist history and the area (having served as president of Methodist-related Union College, Barboursville, Ky.). But the artist, Robert Addison, still thinks the wagons add to the picture.—Eds.

Calls It Our 'Finest Issue'

MRS. A. FREEMAN TRULOCK

Wilkinson, Ind.

The May issue is the finest ever published of TOGETHER. It is rich in Methodist history, yet challenges with a revitalized program for the present age.

It seemed as though Harry Denman actually were speaking to me alone in *What Aldersgate Means to Me*. I am proud that The Methodist Church has him as a spiritual leader.

Right Mount, Wrong Church?

ARCHIE L. HIRST

Madison, Wis.

In *Barnabas Looks at New Books* [January, page 58], there is a picture of Hanham Mount near Bristol, England, where John Wesley addressed miners. The caption says "A beacon and stone-flagged cross mark the spot."

Somebody goofed. The beacon is there, but the plaque reads:

Dedicated to the field preachers
1658-1739

"From 1658 to 1684 persecuted Bristol Baptists preached in Hanham Woods of this neighborhood and often swam the flooded River Avon and risked imprisonment and death for their faith."

The light, you see, is Baptist.

A path extends for about 100 yards from the base of the light along a ledge, leading to the Wesley monument—a pulpit on which is carved, "The world is my parish." There is where Wesley stood while he preached to the miners who stood where the cross is.

You were on the right mount, but in the wrong church.

In the Footsteps of John Wesley, by Frederick C. Gill, tells of two bronze plaques at the beacon. One commemorates the Baptist preachers, the other Wesley and George Whitefield. The memorial pulpit is a replica of the pulpit in Kingswood Chapel.—Ebs.

Urges: Keep Up Good Work

R. B. THORPE
Miamisburg, Ohio

Let's have more articles exposing the truth about communism, like Roy L. Smith's [If the Communists Take Over in the United States, December, 1962, page 24], to awaken us to the immediate threat of our enemy. His article was excellent.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Mild to hot discussions are taking place in camera clubs these warm days over proposals for an intermediate-size miniature camera. Some enthusiasts have asked manufacturers to consider a 46-mm. format, while others urge quality instruments (presently available only in fixed focus and some inexpensive foreign makes) for the old 127-size (45-mm.) film.

When the Rev. Kenneth R. Hemphill and his MYFers of South Bend, Ind., went to Bolivia [see They Learn Missions Firsthand, page 76], they took hundreds of transparencies which we screened for use in this feature. Standouts in the projection room were the pictures taken by Mr. Hemphill with a 127 reflex camera. His enthusiasm and success would certainly promote the 127. His camera was as small and compact as any 35-mm. The finished size, almost twice the area of a 35 slide, needed no special equipment for projection and, of course, gave a bigger and clearer image.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

First Cover—The Rev. Ira B. Allen • 3—Cockerham Photo Service • 4—Dodds B. Bunch • 12-56—M.I. • 14—Warner Bros. • 15—United Artists Corp. • 16—© 1962, Walt Disney Productions • 17—George Stevens Productions • 18—Judy Miller • 21-22-23—Artemio R. Guillermo • 25 L-31—Brown Brothers • 25 R.—Florida State News Bureau • 27—Gramstorff Bros., Inc., Malden, Mass. • 29—From George Whitefield by Gilles, 1836 • 35 L.—North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development • 38—National Geographic • 39 Bot.—Unto These Hills • 58—From The Living Sea by Jacques Cousteau with James Dugan (Harper & Row) • 59—From The Dry Divide by Ralph Moody (W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.) • 69—Gerald McCray • 76 & Third Cover—The Rev. Kenneth R. Hemphill • 8 Top-36 Bot. L.&R.-37-39 Top-40 L.&R.-41-42-50-51-52-53-55—George P. Miller.

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FORMULA FOR DISASTER



Do you know the formula for disaster? It's simple. Just add a careless spark to dry woods in the open air. Nature provides the fuel and the air, but, in 9 out of 10 cases, man provides the spark.

So, when the woods are hot and dry, be extra careful, won't you? That little spark from your campfire, your cigarette, or your trash fire can loose a raging demon, that charges through the forest destroying as it goes. Don't you let disaster strike!

Remember—Only you can
PREVENT FOREST FIRES!

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council



Drawing by Sandra M. Goss, age 10.

Together with the SMALL FRY

"Everybody should look as nice as you look this morning," the postman said to Judy. She had pinned the big red hair bow in her black hair, and it did look nice.

IT WAS a warm, sunny day. Judy sat on the back steps and looked sad. Then she sat on the front steps and looked sad.

Her mother came out to sweep off the front steps.

Judy said, "I don't like this new house."

Her mother was surprised.

"Why?" she asked. "I like our new house very much."

"I don't have any friends. Nobody has come to see me and to be my friend," Judy answered.

"Would you like to go for a walk?" her mother asked. When Judy nodded, her mother said, "You should wear something nice. Wear your new hair bow, dear."

Judy pinned the big, red hair bow in her black hair, and it did look nice. It was such a fine day, she skipped down the front walk and gave a little hop to the sidewalk.

The neighbor next door was weeding her flowers. "My, you have something nice!" she called.

Judy waved and called, "Good morning!"

"My Sara has been away all week, but she'll be back this afternoon. Could you come over and play with her?" the lady asked.

"Oh, yes! Thank you!" Judy answered, and she gave a little hop and a skip.

It must be the hair bow that makes everything so nice, she thought to herself.

A policeman was coming up the street. "How nice you look," he said. "I suppose you will be going to school this year. I will help you across the street each day."

"Oh, yes, thank you!" Judy answered, as the policeman helped her across at the corner.

She gave a big hop and a skip and started on up the street. A small boy ran from a house out to the sidewalk.

"Hi!" the boy said. "I'm Johnny, and I live here."

"Hi! I'm Judy, and I just moved up the street," she answered.

"My mother is taking me to the zoo tomorrow. Would you like to go with us?" Johnny asked.

"Oh, yes, thank you!" Judy answered.

Judy was feeling as bright as the summer morning. She wanted to hurry home and tell her mother she was sorry about saying she did not like the new house. She wanted to tell her mother she had friends, now, because of the nice, new hair bow.

Just then the postman walked up behind her.

"Good morning! I see you are wearing what everyone should wear," he said with a smile.

"Boys, too?" Judy asked, puzzled, as they walked up the street together.

"Yes, boys, too. Everybody should look as nice as you look this morning," the postman said. "Such a fine looking little girl should be going to a birthday party on Saturday. Would you like that?"

When Judy nodded happily, he went on, "My daughter, Alice, is having a birthday party, and she will be glad to have me come for you. How do you manage to look so nice this early in the morning?"

Judy began, "It's my new red—" She reached up and patted her hair, but the bow was gone. If the postman had not been talking about the hair bow, what had he been talking about?

Had she been wearing the new bow when Johnny asked her to go to the zoo? Had she been wearing the new red bow when the policeman became her friend? Was the red ribbon in her hair

when the lady next door asked her over to play?

"I was wearing a new, red hair bow," Judy said. "It's gone!"

"Could that be it?" the postman asked.

There it was, right at her own gate! She had not been wearing it, so that could not be what everyone thought was so nice. Then what had she been wearing?

Judy picked up the bow and looked at it.

She had been happy to be wearing the new ribbon, and she had been happy to be going for a walk. Now she was happy she had found the lost bow.

"You're wearing something nice again," the postman said.

Judy waved good-bye to the postman and went into the house, carrying the bow in her hand. She looked in the mirror. Then she knew what everyone thought was so nice. Judy was wearing a BIG, BIG SMILE!

—LILLIE D. CHAFFIN



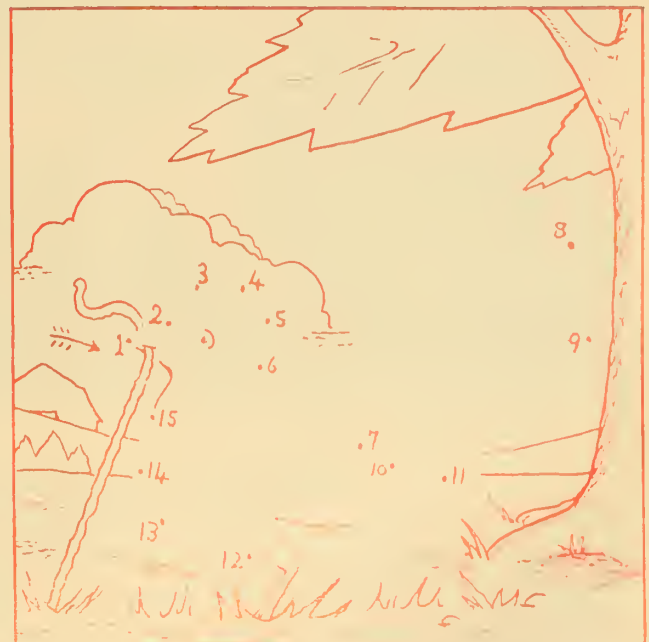
*Summer's made up of such wonderful things!
Roses and lilies and butterfly wings;
Wheat fields of gold, and oceans of clover
Where whisk'ry rabbits nibble all over.*

*Soft purry kittens and puppies that play;
Busy bees gathering honey all day;
Vacations, Bible school, picnics, and swings—
Summer's made up of such wonderful things!*

—CLARA TRESTER



CONNECT THE DOTS AND SEE ———.
Starting at number one, connect the dots in these two pictures and you will



find two of God's creatures that help to make summer more beautiful.

—RALPH COLE



Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and
serve God? It is enough. I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

IN THIS ISSUE

- 1 Methodist Church in Russia
(Color Pictorial)
- 13 The Up-and-Inner
Roy L. Smith
- 14 Hollywood Has Problems, Too!
Bishop Gerald Kennedy
- 18 When Should Children Be
Baptized? (Powwow)
Earl R. Hoggard and
J. Addison England
- 21 Methodists Abroad: They
'Adopted' an MYF Group
(People Called Methodists)
- 24 An Introduction of Two Persons
Edward W. Bok
- 27 When Did Methodism Begin?
Frank Baker
- 30 Walter Rauschenbusch: Prophet
of the Social Gospel
Bishop F. Gerald Ensley
- 31 A Man Ahead of His Time
Herbert Langendorff
- 33 Instead of Hands Across the Sea,
It Was Paws Across the Table!
Charlotte Callow
- 34 To the Smokies—With Love
Herman B. Teeter
- 35 The Land of Junaluska
(Color Pictorial)
- 43 Why Not Take Seeing Lessons?
John Kord Lagemann
- 45 Seeing With a Camera
- 46 What to Do About Harry
Orlan and Wini Jones
- 49 Deliver Us From Tranquillity
Robert J. Gisler
- 50 Missionaries to the Inner City
(Pictorial)
- 60 For Those Hammock Hours
- 61 How Long?
M. Madeleine Laeuser
- 63 Private in the Army of Bird
Watchers
Ailene Coleman
- 76 They Learn Missions Firsthand!
(Color Pictorial)

FEATURES/DEPARTMENTS

Page 3 The Church in Action / 26
Wicked Flea / 48 Light Unto My Path
/ 54 Teens Together / 55 Your Faith
and Your Church / 56 Browsing in
Fiction / 58 Looks at New Books / 65
Name Your Hobby / 66 Letters / 71
Camera Clique, Photo Credits / 72
Small Fry.

After-Hour Greetings

A little monster named Typo . . . lurks just out of sight in every editorial office, ready to pounce without warning. Small wonder some editors tend to become jumpy, shifty eyed, and prone to apprehensive glances over a shoulder.

When there's an anguished scream from an editor's office, you can be sure Typo—short for typographic error—has struck again. *Why I Believe in Immortality*, written by a distinguished minister, may appear in type as *Why I Believe in Immorality*! Or a reference to "a Gospel-message team" may turn out to be "a Gospel-massage team"! Such things have happened and will happen again—for one tiny letter oftentimes changes the entire meaning of a sentence.



That happened when TOGETHER reprinted John Wesley's letter to Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury [February, page 29], written after the Colonies made their Declaration of Independence from England. The next to last paragraph, beginning, "As our American brethren are not totally disentangled . . ." should have read, "As our American brethren are *now* totally disentangled . . ." And, just to show you how insidious Typo can become when he uses diversionary tactics, we were patting ourselves on the back for catching and correcting the same error in the last paragraph which *would* have read: "They are *not* at full liberty, simply to follow the Scriptures and the primitive church."

We thank the several quick-eyed readers who pointed out the difference between "now" and "not," and acknowledge that the error—for which we've scolded a typewriter—*should* have been caught if we had only read the passage for sense.

"Is you a lady or a little girl?" . . . That's what a schoolboy traffic patrolman once asked Charlotte Callow of Cucamonga, Calif., the author of *Paws Across the Table* [page 33], who is a full-grown married woman with two teen-age sons. The reason, she says, is that she still weighs 92 pounds, is less than 5 feet tall, and has not changed much from that for about as long as she can remember. . . . Whenever Mrs. Lillie D. Chaffin of Meta, Ky., steps out, she usually takes a book along. If she didn't, she'd probably never get any reading done. Busy is the word for Mrs. Chaffin, who wrote this month's *Small-Fry* story on page 72. She's a full-time housewife, a full-time teacher, and a sometimes writer. But her habit of carrying a book everywhere turned out to be somewhat embarrassing at church one Sunday morning recently. "A child's whisper attracted my attention," she says. "I was taking the hymnbook home with me!" . . . And speaking of children: for several years, layouts for TOGETHER's *Small-Fry* pages have been the assignment of Robert Goss, a talented and versatile staff artist whose skill shows up on many other pages as well. This month, however, the *Small-Fry* art work is that of a charming 10-year-old reader whose own talent and versatility would seem to come naturally. Her name is Sandra Goss—and you've already guessed her father's name!

The world is calling you . . . if you are a Methodist, a shortwave listener, and one of the USA's 240,000 radio amateurs who like to drop in on friends all over the globe. An invitation to join the World Association of Methodist Radio Amateurs and Clubs comes from its founder-secretary, the Rev. A. W. Shepherd, G3NGF, with headquarters at 121 Main Street, Asfordby, Melton Mowbray, Leics., England. . . . The proud penguins strolling across **this month's cover** remind us of the snow-blinded missionary who preached to a large crowd of agreeably nodding gentlemen in formal attire and had baptized several before he learned the difference. The big ones with the yellow cravats are king penguins, we understand, and they're inmates of a zoo in Glasgow, Scotland.

—YOUR EDITORS

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Publisher: Lovick Pierce.



New family in your neighborhood?

When a young married couple moves into a new home, the world is suddenly a strange place to them. To help them feel comfortable with their new neighbors, take them a cake and this issue of TOGETHER. It's always nice to *give* something and TOGETHER can mean so much. It could lead to their enrolling that fine young man in your church school.

Point out an article they will enjoy and invite them to church next Sunday. This very issue of TOGETHER could be that spark of friendliness needed to get them to accept your invitation.

TOGETHER/The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families/201 Fifth Avenue, South/Nashville 3, Tennessee.



No goldbricking here: MYFers tote real bricks to build their school.

Indiana MYFers help build a school in Bolivia...

They Learn Missions Firsthand!

It's a happy landing at La Paz.



TEN MYF members began very close to the top—of the Western Hemisphere—to learn about missions.

Eager to participate in Methodist work in Latin America, they decided to help build a kindergarten in Bolivia, for which the Woman's Society of their church, First Methodist in South Bend, Ind. is raising \$25,000.

The six girls and four boys

washed cars, served dinners, did yard work and other jobs to pay for their transportation. They "boned up" for a year—studying Spanish, reading about Bolivia, and talking to missionaries.

Then last summer they spent almost six weeks in Cochabamba, a city of 100,000 in an 8,500-foot-high valley in central Bolivia, where nearby Andean peaks jut up to 21,000 feet. There, in 1912, Method

New York Area

BISHOP

Lloyd C. Wicke

EDITOR

Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson 475 Riverside Dr., New York 27, N.Y.

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 7

JULY, 1963



A pile of rubble was all that remained of the parish hall of the Woodrow Church on Staten Island after the disastrous brush fires which swept the area in late April.

Brush Fire Destroys Parish Hall

The parish hall at the Woodrow Church on Staten Island was demolished by the disastrous brush fires which swept that area April 27.

The parsonage also was ablaze but the fire was put out before extensive damage was done. The church also caught fire

and there was no water running through the hoses to douse it. Water was pumped from the well of a neighbor, however, and the blaze was quelled just as the well water was depleted.

The parish, consisting of 104 members, has raised \$15,000 toward a new hall.

NYC Delegates Appeal for Quick End to Racial Crisis

New York Conference delegates at Newburgh, N.Y., called upon church leaders in Birmingham, Ala., "to initiate action immediately" toward a solution of the racial crisis in that city.

"We recognize the guilt of our church in this situation," the conference resolution stated, "and we call upon our bishops and the churches in the areas of acute disturbance to bring responsible church leaders together immediately to initiate action toward a permanent resolution of these conflicts. Current tragic events underscore the fact that wherever civil rights are denied, civil strife is inevitable."

The conference supported a resolution calling upon President Kennedy not to take action without UN support "should such a situation as the Cuba crisis arise again." Delegates also called for gradual

multilateral disarmament and a mutual atomic test ban treaty with Russia.

The Rev. Douglas Verdin was named superintendent of the Newburgh District to succeed Dr. John L. Pearson.

Dr. Walter L. Scranton, New York District superintendent, was named first delegate to the General Conference.

George Northrop, Newburgh attorney, will head the lay delegation.

Other ministers elected were Dr. Harold A. Bosley and Dr. William James, both of New York City. The lay delegation also includes Richard Landers of Armonk, N.Y., and Chester Smith of Peekskill, N.Y., who has attended every General Conference since 1916.

Ministerial delegates to jurisdictional conference will be Dr. Arnold O. Olson, Dr. Charles W. Warren, the Rev. Merrill Johnson and the Rev. George Werner. Lay delegates will be Paul Russell, John Peterson, Clifford Scott and Mrs. Earl Engle.

New England Conference Property Values Increase

Despite the loss of eight churches last year to the New England Conference, church construction and improvement in the Troy Conference added \$77,264 to the value of its property and buildings which now totals \$3,356,124, the Rev. H. M. Hills of Troy, statistician, reported at annual conference.

Membership showed a net increase of 187 for a total of 88,900. A rise of 702 occurred in church-school attendance, but school membership declined by 306.

The Rev. Elmer Haley, Burlington, Vt.; Dr. Walter Kessler, Burnt Hills, N.Y.; and Dr. Hobart Goewey, Glens Falls, were elected General Conference delegates. Lay delegates will be Dr. Frederick Kirchner, Delmar, N.Y.; Mrs. Wilbur Curtis, Mechanicville, N.Y.; and Don Robb, Schenectady.

The delegates voted to work for unsegregated neighborhoods in a resolution reading: "We, the pastors and laymen of the Troy Conference will welcome the purchase or rental of houses and apartments in our neighborhoods by any law-abiding and responsible person. We will welcome as residents in our neighborhoods all persons of good character and will work with them to build, improve and maintain a wholesome community."

A record high budget was approved for 1963-64. It totals \$387,175 including \$287,020 for World Service and benevolences.

Troy Conference Votes to Expand Camp Program

The Troy Conference voted to purchase 525 acres of property adjacent to Skye Farms Camp near Warrensburg for the expansion of its camps and institutes program.

Delegates authorized the trustees to borrow a sum not to exceed \$50,000 by mortgaging the present 140 acres at Skye Farms.

The parcels to be purchased are the 240-acre Robinson property for \$32,000, upon which the conference has already made a partial down payment, the Lenox property consisting of 285 acres, the price of which has not been determined, and "other adjoining and desirable properties."

The conference also voted to raise the pension rate from \$50 to \$52 for each year of active ministry. It will also apply to approved supply pastors for the first time.



Newsday-Long Island Photo

Participating in consecration of new education building at Hauppauge, N.Y., from left, the Rev. H. K. Rhinesmith, Westbury; Bishop Wicke, Pastor John A. Carr.

Drew's News



James C. Hagerty, vice-president in charge of news, special events and public affairs for the American Broadcasting Company, and, from 1952-1960, press secretary to former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, spoke at Drew on *Responsibilities of World-Wide Television*. He is noted as a political writer and expert on politics.



Mr. Hagerty

Drew students were awarded first- and third-place prizes for papers presented at the annual conference of the American Chemical Society-Student Affiliate Chapters at the College of St. Elizabeth in Convent. Roger A. Smith received first prize, and third prize went to Susan Kenworthy.

Donald D. Freeman, Rockaway (N.J.) Graduate School student has received a Rockefeller Doctoral Fellowship.

Roger Borass has received a Danforth Foundation teaching grant to the Graduate School.



More than 150 years of membership in the Lyon Mountain (N.Y.) Church is represented by a mother and three daughters. L. to r.: Miss Lillian Nelson, 40 years; Mrs. Mable Nelson, 59 years; Mrs. Mary Rodriguez, 40 years; and Miss Florence Nelson, 40 years.

THE BISHOP WRITES

Victory?

One hundred years ago "with a bold hand" President Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

To celebrate that anniversary careful plans had been laid by civic groups over the land. We would testify as to the "progress made" in the relation between the races. We ticked off the stages of that progress. There were those who scanned our history and were satisfied. Others viewing the same road were disturbed.

Then came Birmingham.

Many shots have been heard around the world. This one may join that company. Names bubble in the news reports: Gene "Bull" Connor and Martin Luther King, Mayor Albert Boutwell, and President John Kennedy. Labels march across news pages; moderates and die-hard segregationists, nonviolence and lunatic fringe. We read of a children's crusade, police dogs, fire bombs, rioting, hoses play, jails overflow. And it is 100 years after the Proclamation!

In an adjacent column in our paper I note the name of a town in my neighborhood—Englewood, N.J. I read a reporting of the same "interracial sickness."

At a recent annual conference we reaffirmed bold resolutions concerning "the end of segregation in The Methodist Church." An oblique and humbling testimony of its continuing presence among us.

In this hour let us recall a fated saying of our Lord, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!" Flinching before the indictment and fleeing from its lash was and is no passport to continuing the sin. Acknowledging the sin could have been the first step on the road to forgiveness and health of soul.

Admission of our common guilt should be the beginning and not the ending of the road that leads to brotherhood in Christ.

In our own strength we shall never walk that road! As members of His family of Love we may.

As these lines are being written astronaut Cooper is in orbit and we are assured this is a major victory in man's conquest of outer space. Like St. Paul, we should pray "Who will deliver us from that bondage" which deters our victory in "inner space"—the interrelation of the souls of men? Only the Grace of Christ.

LLOYD C. WICKE



Tranquilizer Offered

A nonmedical tranquilizer to help cope with a hectic life was offered to the wives of the New York and New Haven District ministers at a recent retreat held at Senexet House in South Woodstock, Conn.

The topic was *Achieving Peace Within* with Margaret F. Donaldson as leader. Among the questions discussed were

Which of Your Selves Would You Like to Be? Praying Without Words, Is It Unchristian to Be Ill? Calling a Cosmic Force "Father."

New Horizons

• The cornerstone has been laid for Wesley Manor, unit of Newark Conference's Home for the Aged at Ocean City, N.J.

• The Patchogue, N.Y., Church is raising \$168,080 for a new religious education and fellowship center.

• Members of Community Methodist Church of Bayside, N.Y., are conducting a campaign for \$102,000 for an educational unit.

JULY, 1963

Vol. 7, No. 7

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(Fewer than ten percent but grouped and submitted through the church office: \$3.96 a year, cash with order.)

Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.



Smithtown, N.Y., fire department is well staffed with Methodists. Harold Luttman, left, is new chief, and the Rev. John Bardsley, pastor, was named chaplain, after citation for his ambulance work.

Laymen's Assembly

The Rev. Dean M. Kelley, executive director of the Department of Religious Liberty, National Council of Churches, will be the speaker June 21-23 at the Troy Conference Laymen's Assembly at Green Mountain College, Poultney, Vt.

Dr. Hans Huessy will discuss aspects of mental health in the home and church.

Spiritual Life Retreat

The seventh annual spiritual life retreat for laymen of the Southern District of the Newark Conference was held at Camp Northover, Bound Brook, N.J., with the Rev. Charles D. Whittle of Nashville, Tenn., director of the Department of District Visitation of the General Board of Evangelism, as leader.

Vocations Viewed

The Albany District Woman's Society sponsored a workshop on Christian vocations at the Scotia, N.Y., Church for Woman's Society presidents, secretaries of youth and student work and other youth workers.

The speaker was the Rev. Arthur Hopkinson, a member of the staff of the Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations. He also moderated a panel dis-



Courtesy Mary Westchester Newspapers

Bishop Wicke dedicated the parish house in Katonah, N.Y. From left above are New York District Superintendent Walter L. Scranton; Bishop Wicke; the Rev. Howard D. McGrath, pastor; and George E. Griggs, Jr., president of trustee board.

cussion by the Rev. Franklyn Wright, Troy Conference director of work with senior-high youth; the Rev. Leonard Bass, conference director of youth work; Mrs. Frank Scofield, Jr., Woman's Society secretary of student work; and Mrs. Robert Trost, secretary of missionary personnel and member of the conference committee on Christian vocations.

Tells of Wesley Shrines

Dr. Karl Quimby of Ridgewood, N.J., has prepared two slide-lectures as the result of his visits to Methodist shrines in England.

They are entitled *Going Along With Wesley* and *John Wesley Speaks to Our Day* and are available to churches especially for Aldersgate observances.

Schoolhouse Converted

A two-room district schoolhouse has been converted into a sanctuary and church-school room at North Petersburg, N.Y.

The Rev. Aram Zelveian, pastor, was formerly a member of the faculty of American Anatolia College in Turkey and served in the intelligence office of the British Army of Occupation in the Near East.

He lectures on the United Nations for the Boston Branch of the American Association for United Nations.

Community Center Wanted

Dr. Allen E. Claxton, pastor of Broadway Temple-Washington Heights Church, New York City, is among city and state leaders working for a \$1 million community center in the empty space under the bus terminal at the eastern end of the George Washington bridge.

He is chairman of the Borough President's Planning Board for District 12.

The civic leaders hope to rent the space from the Port Authority for \$1 a year.

Students Hear Newsmen

John T. Cunningham of Florham Park, N.J., *Newark News* feature writer, lecturer and author, was the speaker for the Centenary College for Women baccalaureate service. His topic was *To Seek a Great Perhaps*.

Spilled Ink, Centenary student newspaper, won first place for the fifth consecutive year in junior college competition conducted by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

Saving Stamps Help Home

Newark Conference shoppers have helped the new unit of the Home for the Aged at Ocean City, N.J., obtain cooking utensils, furniture, linens, and electrical appliances through the contribution of stamp books for such purposes.



This new \$90,000 parish house was dedicated recently by Bishop Wicke at Katonah, N.Y. It houses classrooms and auditorium.



Ground has been broken for this \$125,000 education wing to be added to the sanctuary of Grace Methodist Church, Kearney, N.J.



Gov. Huff visits Green Mountain campus.

Governor Offers Advice

Gov. Philip H. Huff of Vermont, a visitor at Green Mountain College, Poultney, on Governor's Day, advised more than 500 students to take an active interest in public affairs.

He addressed them as "future home-makers and career women" and told them, "If you want something done and done well, turn to the women."

The governor is shown in center of above picture with President Raymond A. Withey and Joann Kennedy of Allendale, N.J., student government president-elect.

No Unfriendliness Here

Ridgewood, N.J., Methodists are thoroughly organized for friendliness, and if anyone is in doubt about how the Fellowship of Friendly Concern operates, he hasn't read the 18-page manual prepared by Layman Walter Freezee.

The manual describes the organization of the parish into four divisions with leaders responsible for five groups in each division.

It also lists the procedures for calling on new members, inactives, and prospective members, the reasons for the calls and the objectives to be achieved.

Set 18 Camp Sessions

Eighteen encampments are scheduled for the Troy Conference Camp at Skye Farm near Warrensburg, N.Y., this summer, according to the Rev. Leonard H. Bass, Glens Falls, N.Y., resident director.

Six camps will be for Junior boys and girls, ages 9, 10, and 11, under the direction of the Rev. Percy Lambert, Valley Falls, N.Y.; Edgar Prescott, Montpelier, Vt.; the Rev. Myron Cheney, Lyndonville, Vt.; Lewis Taylor, Ballston Spa, N.Y.; the Rev. Gordon Clark, Mayfield, N.Y.; and Albert Wright, Hoosick Falls, N.Y.

Seven camps will be for Junior-Hi young people, ages 12, 13, and 14, under the direction of the following persons: the Rev. Lawrence Curtis, Amsterdam, N.Y.; the Rev. Harold Robinson, Brattleboro, N.Y.; the Rev. Jordan Cole, Troy, N.Y.; the Rev. Edwin Vonderheide, Central Bridge, N.Y.; the Rev. Thurman Beavers, Johnsonville, N.Y.; the Rev. Roger Day,

West Sand Lake, N.Y.; and the Rev. George Miller, North Hoosick, N.Y.

A special camp for ninth graders, ages 14 and 15 will be under the direction of the Rev. Daniel Partridge, Green Island, N.Y.

Three Senior-Hi camps will be conducted for young people who will enter church-related vocations or are interested. These campers will visit rural and city churches in Troy Conference and will enjoy the out-of-doors at Skye Farm.

The Family Camp, August 3-11, is open to 15 families of Troy Conference, under the direction of the Rev. Melvin McGaughey of Bennington, Vt., assisted by Clark Eddy of Schenectady, N.Y.

Last year Skye Farm Camps accommodated more than 1,000 campers and counselors and it is expected that the enrollment will increase during the 1963 season.

Area Methodists Travel

It's been traveling time for many groups of young people and several ministers.

After earning money washing cars, cooking dinners and holding bake sales, 24 Youth Fellowship members and four counselors from the Church of the Tarrytowns (N.Y.), visited Washington, D.C., the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Arlington and Alexandria, Va.

Forty-one MYF'ers from Farmingdale (N.Y.) Church, also visited Washington and its environs, and a month later were hosts to the MYF group from Mount Olivet Church, Arlington, Va., who had previously entertained them.

The Senior Youth Fellowship from Asbury Church, Crestwood, N.Y., traveled to the Blue Ridge Mountains, staying at a Methodist youth camp in Culpepper, Va., where they hiked and explored the Luray Caverns. One evening was spent with the MYF of First Church, Charlottesville.

Traveling ministers include the Rev. W. J. Fillier of Morrisville, Vt., and the Rev. Paul H. LeFevre, Waitsfield, Vt., who made a safari to Methodist mission stations in the U.S., and the Rev. F. Kenyon Moody of Williston, Vt., who participated in Religious Emphasis Week at Bethune-Cookman College.



Donor of 4.7 acres to First Church, Beacon, N.Y., Frederick W. Heaney, (center), is thanked by the Rev. Phillip Schnell and Trustee President Francis Mayen.

The Short Circuit

Hans Lennart Raask, 20-year-old Swedish student, will serve as counselor at Skye Farm Camps this summer. He is visiting at the home of the Rev. and Mrs. Thomas D. Peterson at South Glens Falls until the camp season opens.



Mr. Raask

Scout God and Country award winners at St. Paul's Church, St. Albans, Vt., were Fred Lavalie, Chester Strait, Walter Buck, David Brown, James Leach, and Thomas Mills. Duncan Warren is first God and Country Scout at Grace Church, Southington, Conn.

First Avenue Church, Amsterdam, N.Y., is celebrating its 75th anniversary.

Speaking of Scouting, First Church, Amityville, N.Y., was honored by the National Protestant Committee for sponsoring Scouting for 53 years.

A paging system which makes it possible to locate staff members anyplace on the grounds or in the building has been installed at Bethel Home, Ossining, N.Y. The Bethel Home Society of Greater New York and New Jersey contributed \$500 toward the cost.

A new member of the Bethel Board of Directors is William F. MacDonald, Jr., a vice-president of the County Trust Company. He is president of the trustees of the Mamaroneck, N.Y., Church.

The latest book by Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, "Whom Christ Commended," has been published by Abingdon.

Miss Mary Louise Kesler, Union Theological Seminary student, won a \$1,000 John Q. Schisler scholarship.

Camp scholarships of \$20 are available to a Burlington District boy or girl.

Kingston District women paid tribute to the deaconesses at their annual spring meeting. Miss Ruth I. Pope was speaker.

Dr. Carl Michalson, professor of systematic theology at Drew University, will be the speaker at the annual Newark Conference churchmanship conference June 21-23, at Centenary College, Hackettstown, N.J.

New Lay Leader

Dr. James R. Wadsworth of Essex Junction, Vt., has been named lay leader of the Burlington District, succeeding Donald Grover of St. Albans. Dr. Wadsworth is on the faculty of the University of Vermont.

In Memoriam

New York East Conference
Percy Chamberlin
April 25, 1963

ists established the second of two American Institutes, offering classes from kindergarten through 12 grades and one year of college. In addition to 600 kindergartners, there are 1,200 regular pupils. Serving under Dr. Gaston Pol, director, and his wife, the kindergarten principal, are 81 teachers.

Although easily tired by the unaccustomed high altitude, the Hoosiers on the day after their arrival put on work clothes.

At first, Bolivian workmen smiled skeptically. They had heard that American kids were pampered. There were broken fingernails, skinned knuckles, blistered palms—but no murmur of discomfort.

Oh! The aches next morning! But all ignored them, and, by the third day, the youths had won the unanimous praise of Bolivians. The MYFers dug foundations, pushed wheelbarrows, stacked bricks, and in other ways offered a helping

hand. They also taught morning classes, coached sports, and drilled a band. They took along 45 instruments and built a band of 75—which five months later won first in a nationwide marching contest and placed fourth in music.

It was a sad parting for both MYFers and Bolivians. However, only 9 of the 10 came back. Karen Jones, granddaughter of retired Bishop Raymond Wade, spurned a \$5,000-a-year teaching offer at home to remain at the Institute the next two years for a \$300 annual salary.

Results? There has been a tremendous upsurge in missions enthusiasm in northern Indiana, for the MYFers have given 200 talks.

"And if you need further evidence," says the Rev. Kenneth Hemphill, First Methodist Church pastor, who accompanied the group, "we have 25 young people lined up for another work program down there in 1964."



Susan Kay Claycomb is a good helper as John Hemphill sorts bricks.



Julie Lang stays for some chitchat after teaching a morning class.

The lure of Indian handicrafts almost burns a hole in Marilyn Guy's purse as she strolls with an alert lensman's eye among colorfully garbed women in an open-air market.



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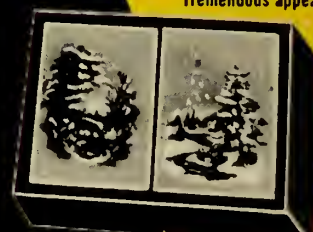
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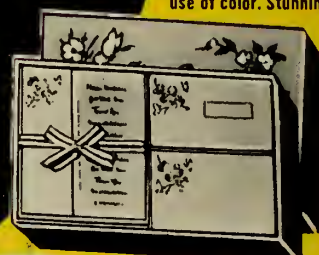
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